THE COSHOCTON AGE.

Entered at the Post Office at Coshocton as Second-class Mail Matter.

THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT IS ABSOLUTE IN EVERY AMERICAN CITIZEN.—Garfield.

VOLUME 59. COSHOCTON, OHIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1883. NUMBER 51

Business notices on this page are charged for at ten cents per line each insertion. Black type fifteen cents brevier measurement. Display advertisements: Time Contracts—25 cents per inch. Transient advertisements—50 cents per inch

MR. HEYMAN, a Mt. Vernon dry goods merchant has been closed by the Sheriff.

THERE will be services at the Baptist Church next Sunday at 11 o'clock A. M., and at 7 P. M. Sunday School at 9:30.

A CHRISTMAS Concert will be held in the M. E. Church on Sabbath evening, Dec. 23. All are invited to attend.

THERE will be a public installation of officers of Warsaw Masonic Lodge at Warsaw on Friday evening, January 11, 1884.

A CHRISTMAS tree entertainment and oyster supper will be given at West Lafayette under the auspices of the M. E. Church.

MR. JOHN KUHN of Warsaw has purchased a new portable saw mill and will make the first "set" on the farm of Mr. Wm. Orr.

THE friends and relatives of Mrs. Hannah Littick, of Franklin township, celebrated her 68th birthday last week in an enjoyable manner.

MR. JACOB NEIGHBOR, SR., one of the pioneers of Tuscarawas county, died at his home near Newcomerstown, last Sunday night.

POTTERS LITTLE bought the land advertised at Sheriff's sale, in Perry township, last Saturday, for $434. The appraised value was $650.

MORNING Prayers will be said and Holy Communion celebrated at Trinity Church Sunday morning at 10-30. Evening Prayer at 7 o'clock.

MR. W. F. FELCH, the Columbus correspondent of THE COSHOCTON AGE, visited the family of Mr. David Markley, at Canal Lewisville, last Sunday

CAPT MONTGOMERY, of Newark, was elected Major of the 17th Regiment, O. N. G., to succeed Homer C. Burch, deceased. His majority was 7. Coshocton company voted unanimously for him.

MRS LOUISA BARNES, of Yankee Ridge, Tiverton township, died Wednesday of last week, of dropsy, in the 50th year of her age. She was a consistent member of the Disciple church and an exemplary woman.

A LARGE number of bank cars for use in the Morgan Run mines were unloaded from a Connotton Valley train last Sunday and hauled to the bank on the track of the railroad. Work will commence at once.

A NOTE from Rev. W. D. Wallace, of Keene, expressing thanks for a donation visit of the members of his church is at hand, but as the substance thereof appeared in the Keene items of last week we pass by.

VISIT D. M. Moore's holiday display.

AN AGE representative was in the New York Store, and in a conspicuous place on one counter saw several boxes full of neat packages labeled Christmas 1883, compliments N. Y. Store, and upon inquiry learned they were presents to be given to all who call. We examined them and found them to be presents of real merit, and we left feeling convinced of the proprietors' substantial liberality.

IF YOU received a statement of account from the publisher of THE AGE, please bear in mind what we say in our circular letter. If YOU are in arrears, but desire to continue to read THE AGE, now is a good time to *renew*. If YOU live in a Western State, remember that under no circumstances do we send THE AGE outside the county unless it be paid for in advance. A word to the wise, etc.

VISIT D. M. Moore's holiday display.

AT MT. VERNON last Monday, Judge Hunter sentenced the following to the penitentiary: Wm. Barber for cutting with intent to kill, two years; Martin Smith, on a plea of guilty for horse stealing, two years; Wm. Lyman, for burglary and petit larceny, two years. This is Smith's second term, his first having expired last summer. On the day of his release he was arrested by Sheriff Beach and taken to Mt. Vernon to answer the above charge.

BIG JOHN MISER, the Adams township bulldozer, called at THE AGE office one day last week with hostile intent. In fact, Big John was wrathy to a wonderful degree, and made the mistake of supposing that all that was necessary for him to do was to open his beefy jaws and let forth one of his sulphuric whoops and the entire office would tremble as an aspen leaf. But this mountainous old specimen of moral corruption knows better now. He will never again visit this newspaper office with the expectation of bulldozing any one or criticising aught that we may have to say about the affairs of this life, whether it concerns him or not. After a brief parry at words, in which the old law breaker was worsted, he slunk off like a whipped hound, specimen of which he is both owner and representative in person. What big John was offended at was an account recently appearing in these columns of an election in Adams township, in which the respectable portion of the citizens defeated him in his impudence in standing for the position of Justice of the Peace. John has been mad ever since, but he will hereafter vent his spite on some one else than the editor of this paper. He knows better now.

ON the evening of the 26th inst. Harry Webber's great Comedy Co. known as Nip and Tuck will appear in the Coshocton Opera House. The St Louis Globe Democrat says of it:

"Nip and tuck as played by Mr. Harry Webber and company is something out of the beaten track of dramatics. It is a play and performance which grows in interest with each succeeding act. The first two acts are essentially dramatic and afford fine scope for intelligent dramatic acting, the last two are brimming over with fun. The two detectives' cross-fire of clear repartees, and no less clever ruses to deceive each other, and the rapid succession of great surprises which alternately startle and convulse the beholder in the last act, make "Nip and Tuck" one of the most enjoyable, as it is one of the most original entertainments."

AN exchange gossips thus concerning the little narrow gauge: "There are rumors that overtures have been made by the Pennsylvania Railroad for the control of the Connotton Valley, but it is difficult to discover the basis, except it be that a prominent officer of the road has lately been in Ohio, it is reported, in conference with Pennsylvania officials. This same rumor was current last summer and denied officially. It is believed by some that the ultimate destiny of the Connotton Valley road is amalgamation with the Pennsylvania. The November gross earnings were 12 per cent. larger than in 1882, and, with the road's prospects improving, it is somewhat thought that the officers would rather await appreciation of the property than sell to anybody at such price as could be obtained now."

AN entertainment for the benefit of a school library will be given in the Coshocton Opera House this Friday evening. The program is an interesting one, and we doubt not the rendition will be entertaining. The Superintendent says: "The object is a worthy one and such as every citizen who regards the general culture of the youth about him should be glad to encourage by his approval and presence. Those little folks have been running a loan library of some hundred volumes for some months with most commendable zeal, without any assistance from the public. It is time that we encourage them in their laudable undertaking and give the home talent in our midst a fair hearing and a good house." The admission will be 25 cents; school children, 15 cents. Seats on sale at City Drug Store.

THE annual meeting of the Coshocton County Bible Society was held in the Presbyterian Church last Sunday evening, and from the reports made it is learned that there have been sold during the year $380.56 worth of books, and there are now on hand nearly $200 worth. Mr. Phillips, the canvassing agent, devoted 86 days to distributing Bibles in the county, whereby he visited 1490 families. Of that number 115 families were found without a copy of a Bible. Eighty-five of these families were supplied, and likewise 97 individuals. His total receipts were $305.68, and his expenses were $72.30.

THE saloon keepers in Guernsey county recognize that the way of the transgressor is hard, and one and all are unalterably opposed to the Scott law, and are free to admit that as a temperance measure it is somewhat of a success, when public sentiment is such as will enforce it. The jail is now full to overflowing, and so are the troubled souls of the occupants, while the treasury comes in for a fair share. A press dispatch gives the sentence imposed as follows: "Geo. Johnson was given a total fine of $2,025 and sentenced to jail for 180 days; Dave Maple, $1,225 and 115 days in jail; Wm. Ingram, $250 and 25 days; Herman Schultz, $250 and 15 days; John Johnson, $75 and 5 days; Wilmer Frame, $100 and 10 days; Wm. Baxter, $30; Patrick Cain, $50 and 5 days; Joseph Johnson $100 and 10 days; Mary Gildea, $100 and 15 days; James Gildea, $150 and 10 days; Erving Williams, $35 and 10 days; total fine, $4,390; total imprisonment four hundred days.

LAST Tuesday was the tenth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Horn, and the thirty-first anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Horn, and in the evening fifty of their friends and acquaintances gathered at their residence in the steel works addition and took possession, without so much as by your leave. Mrs. Horn had been induced to visit friends in West Lafayette during the day and when she returned on the evening train found everything prepared for an elegant supper and many hungry people awaiting her appearance. "Fred" was happy and thought of plenty of things that should be said but declared "I can't do it," while Mrs. H. was overjoyed at the kindness of her many friends. A number of useful and ornamental presents were made and to "cap the climax" Fred borrowed a quarter and treated the band of serenaders. The evening was most pleasantly spent; and all entertain pleasurable thoughts of the occasion.

JOHN BIGGS, the young man charged with the theft of cattle, was arrested at Logansport, Indiana, and brought back to Coshocton, and lodged in jail. His hearing is set for Saturday week. Biggs claims in defence that he was a partner with Farquhar in buying and selling live stock and that there was an understanding that so soon as the market gave evidence of a good time to sell that he was to do it, and following out this agreement he shipped to Chicago. People should withhold judgement until the question is settled by a Court and Jury.

AT a meeting of Coshocton Lodge No. 66, F. & A. M., held at Masonic Hall, last Friday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: W. H. Robinson, Jr., Worshipful Master; G. G. Ridgely, Senior Warden; F. A. Wernett, Junior Warden; J. J. Rose, Senior Deacon; Reagon Powelson, Junior Deacon; Treasurer, E. C. Carr; Secretary, C. Skinner; Tiler, Samuel Taylor; Stewards, Henry Davis and J. G. Magaw. The installation of officers will be public, and on the evening of Thursday, December 27th. At the same time the recently elected officers of Samaritan Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, will also be installed.

AT Newcomerstown Sunday night Mrs. Catharine Davis, widow of the late ex-Representative Hon. L. C. Davis, died very suddenly from a stroke of paralysis. She was over sixty years of age and was one of the earliest settlers. She leaves two sons and two daughters, her eldest son Lorenzo, being a prominent druggist of Cleveland, and her eldest daughter is the wife of Capt. R. Y. Patterson, Superintendent of the National Soldiers' Cemetery, at Culpepper, Va.

SAYS the Marion Independent: The Mt. Vernon and Coshocton people have not given up the proposed new railroad to connect with the Wheeling and Lake Erie and through Coshocton and Mt. Vernon to Marion and northwest. If that road was built we would have access to better soft coal than that from the Hocking Valley.

A MORTGAGE given by the American Rapid Telegraph Company to the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, to secure a loan of $3,000,000, was placed in the hands of Recorder Coe this week for record. It covers 28 printed pages.

LAST Tuesday night a man named Wm. Murphy, of Canal Lewisville, who is known as a horse doctor, walked on the Pan Handle railroad while intoxicated, and near Beech Hollow mines, a mile east of Coshocton, was struck by an east bound freight, and sustained severe injuries. The left leg was broken about six inches above the ankle, and severe bruises all over his body, the worst being on the right leg. His escape from death was almost miraculous.

JOSEPH RICHESON, who knifed William Parrish, an account of which appeared in THE AGE last week, had a preliminary hearing before Esquire Cantwell last Wednesday, and was bound over to court in the sum of $500, and failing to furnish bond he was locked up. He made no defence. Parrish is still unable to leave his bed, but is reported as recovering

MRS. L. L. CANTWELL has returned to Coshocton after a four month's visit in Zanesville where she has had a large class in Kensington Embroidery. She reports over a hundred handsome pieces of work executed under her teaching. She will receive pupils in Kensington after Christmas, at Mrs. Madden's on Chestnut street, and will furnish all materials at New York retail prices. For terms apply to Mrs. Cantwell.

MR. RUFUS SHEPHERD, of the Newcomerstown vicinity, returned last week from a visit of two weeks to friends in Nebraska and Kansas, and he expresses himself as being highly pleased with the agricultural and general business resources of the country, and declares the West to be the place for young men. Mr. Shepherd has our thanks for two new subscribers—one in each of the States named.

THOUSANDS of the readers of THE AGE have never seen the great Brooklyn Bridge, and perhaps many of them never will, but if they want to see a minature representation of the same gaze in the show window of Mrs. W. W. Walker, and see the handiwork of the business manager Mr. Jas. Walters. It is beautiful and unique.

VISIT D. M. Moore's holiday display.

Errata.

In the article on page two last week under the caption, "Popular Songs and their Authors," there were a few mistakes that the writer desires corrected.

In the first sentence realize should read reveals. Bishop was married the second time to Miss Anna Riviers and the man with whom she eloped was Signor Bochsa. Payne edited the Thespian Mirror. The man who furnished him means to attend college was Seaman. The impersonator of Clari was Mary Ann Tree, and Home Sweet Home has had imitations.

Not "Bumptious," but "Buster."

Cadiz Republican: Mr. G. H. Bargar, of Coshocton, who was a prominent Democratic member of the last Ohio Legislature, was Chairman of the State Executive Committee during the recent campaign, and is now a prominent candidate for Speaker of the House, is a native of Harrison county. He learned the printing business at the Cadiz Sentinel office, when C. N. Allen was the editor, a few years prior to the war, and was known to the Cadiz boys in those days as "Buster."

Entertainment at Keene.

A dramatic play, entitled "The Turn of the Tide, or Wrecked in Port," will be given in the Town Hall in Keene on Monday evening, Dec. 31. Come and enjoy two hours of mirth. Doors open at 6 P. M. Admission 15 and 20 cents.

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

Was the universal remark when the passerby saw a crowd congregated before the store of Burns, the Jeweler, and the answer was they are viewing the elegant display of Jewelry, Neck Chains, Diamonds, etc., he displays in his window.

VISIT D. M. Moore's holiday display.

SANTA CLAUS can be seen at Rue's Bargain House with his load of toys ready to start on Christmas eve.

YOU can get a pure article of N. Y. Buckwheat Flour by the pound or barrel, at Mortley's Railroad Corner Grocery.

VISIT D. M. Moore's holiday display.

GO TO City Mills for choice buckwheat flour.

A FEW words to our patrons in regard to our Gifts, on Jan. 1st, 1884. Some persons are suspicious that it is not honorable. Is there anything wrong in us giving away those fine presents? Or how would we know who would be entitled to either one of the presents if we did not give them a ticket? Then we have been asked if it was to be a fair and straightforward business transaction. How are we to know who holds the tickets, as we do not takes the names of any of the persons holding them? Now in order to have it satisfactory, we will appoint 10 o'clock A. M., Jan. 1st, the hour of drawing the Gifts, and will give to each one of the persons holding tickets a handsome photograph if they will come here on that day and appoint a person themselves to do the drawing. We shall advertise the numbers that draw the Gifts, and if the numbers are not brought in by Feb. 1st, we shall have another draw, and shall continue to draw, the first of each month, till some one gets the presents.

D. M. MOORE.

PEARL SOAP at Compton's.

O C

School Teachers desiring Candies for X'Mas will find a full line and low figures at J. W. Barkhurst's. dec1-4t

An endless variety of Holiday Goods at Walker's, you should see them. Call early.

DR. O. C. FARQUHAR will meet his patients at the McDonald House, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28 and 29.

IF YOU have a cough cure it with Compton's Royal Syrup. You can get it of your nearest dealer.

CHALLENGE.

In the neighborhood of New Castle and West Bedford, W. A. Miser, Agent for the Ohio Farmers Insurance Company, has been doing some heavy blowing. Mr. Miser is requested to meet me in discussion at one of these points, Bedford or New Castle, on Friday after New Year, January 4, at 2 o'clock P. M. Question as follows: Resolved that Mr. W. A. Miser has been making false statements concerning the Ohio Farmers Insurance Company; also resolved, That the Continental is a better insurance for the farmer than the Ohio Farmer. Answer in next issue.

I. C. FRANKS,
Special Agent Continental Ins Co.

VISIT D. M. Moore's holiday display.

IF YOU want the best N. O. Molasses in the country, call at the Railroad Corner Grocery.

AN X-MAS PRESENT.

The nicest, best, and most useful article you can get for your wife or some lady friend for an X-Mas present is a nice Sewing Machine, and the place to find it is at the office of J. W. Shaw, Main street, opposite the Post Offie.

VISIT D. M. Moore's holiday display.

CANDIES, Nuts, Confections, Raisens, Prunes, Currants, all new crop, at Mortley's Railroad Corner Grocery.

Holiday Goods just received and open for inspection at Mrs. W. W. Walker's, call and see them.

SEND postal card request for a sample copy of the Washington World and Citizen Soldier, the Old Soldiers' paper, the Anti-Monopoly paper, the family paper, the paper for everybody—published every Saturday; 8 pages, 48 columns; price only One Dollar a year. Address, "The Washington World, 1006 F street, Washington, D. C."

VISIT D. M. Moore's holiday display.

DON'T leave town without seeing Santa Claus at Rue's Bargain House.

Notice of Dissolution

The partnership heretofore existing between John M. Markley and Charles P. Renner under the firm name of Markley & Renner, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. John M. Markley is authorized to collect all money due said late firm and pay all partnership debts. December, 1883.

CHARLES P. RENNER,
JOHN M. MARKLEY.

SPECIAL EXCURSION RATES.

For the accommodation of those desiring to attend the Grand Army Fair and Festival, to be held by Hazlett Post No. 81, in Gold Hall, at Zanesville, Dec. 24th to 29th, the Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railway will sell excursion tickets from Coshocton and intermediate stations to Zanesville and return, at rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold Dec. 24th to 29th inclusive, and will be good for two days including date of sale.

E. A. FORD, G. P. A.

VISIT D. M. Moore's holiday display.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN

But silence about that elegant line of Watches, Clocks, Solid Silverware, Finger and Ear Rings, Neck Chains, etc., carried by Burns, the Jeweler, would be downright criminality. Their beauty will not admit of silence.

REMEMBER Matthews is only making those large pictures for $1.00 during the Holidays; the regular price is $1.

NOTICE.

Any person knowing themselves in debt, either book account or note, will please call and settle at once. If not settled by January 10, 1884, they shall be put in a collectors hands and 8 per cent. charged.

Yours etc.,
HAY & RANSOM.

DID YOU EVER

See anything more beautiful than that line of Gold and Silver Watches displayed by Burns, the Jeweler. We believe you never did.

UNPARALLELED LIBERALITY.

E. Marks, the generous proprietor of the New York Store, is giving to each of his customers a handsome and valuable Christmas present. This is no lottery or scheme of chance, but an actual present given to each customer, free of charge. There are no tickets, chromos, nor calender, but nice useful presents for your neighbor, your children, or yourself. Some sweeping reductions have been made in prices. Go and see him; west room Park Hotel building.

FINE Photographs for Christmas presents at Matthews' Gallery.

In accordance with its usual custom the Pan Handle Route announces the sale of cheap excursion tickets to and from all stations during the Christmas Holidays. Tickets will be sold on December 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 29th 30th, 31st, 1883, and January 1st, 1884, and will be good for return passage until January 3d, 1884, inclusive. The rates will be low, affording everybody an opportunity to spend Christmas and New Year among relatives or friends at a distance or to visit the large cities and other points of interest located on the line controlled by the above named companies at a very moderate expense. Upon application, Agents will cheerfully furnish time of trains, rate of fare and further information.

SOME things that will make a handsome present, that you can purchase at D. M. Moore's:

Beautiful Silk Handkerchiefs;
Elegant one-half Hose;
Fine Silk Suspenders;
Handsome Scarfs and Pins;
One-half dozen Linen Collars;
One-half dozen pairs of Cuffs;
Nice Initial Cuff Buttons;
Fancy embroidered hem stitched Linen Handkerchiefs;
Fine Silk Mufflers;
Warm pair of Gloves;
Silk Pulse Warmers;
Box of our Silver or Gold Shirts;
A set of Underwear; or, if you feel rich, a Fine Suit of Clothes.

Every person buying any article, ever so small, from now till Jan. 1st, will receive a beautiful Plaque, Photograph or box of Dominoes.

You can't miss it by buying perfumes at Compton's. He keeps the best that are made.

In selecting your Holiday Presents drop into Walker's Dry Goods Store and see their assortment of Neckwear, Handkerchiefs in every variety. Main St., near depot.

Connotton Holiday Excursion.

The Connotton Valley Railway will sell round trip Excursion Tickets between all stations on the line at very low rates, commencing Saturday, Dec. 22, and continuing sale each day until January 1, 1883, inclusive. Tickets will be good for return trip any day until January 3, 1884, inclusive.

POLITICAL AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Cleveland Leader's news bureau in Washington is equal to that of any of the New York papers. The Leader has commodious quarters at 1427 F street, near the Treasury building which is in charge of three correspondents, who will furnish the paper news the coming year equal in quantity and quality to that of any paper in the land. It has also arranged with the New York Herald so that the foreign dispatches of that paper are to be sent to the Leader, thus giving it practically a special correspondent in every capital city on the globe. Those who take the Leader will, therefore, get not only the important news of the world but the best political correspondence from Washington.

SEWING MACHINES AND ORGANS.

If you want the best Sewing Machine in the market for your own use, or to make a Christmas gift of, you can find it by applying to C. B. Miller, Locust street, between Second and Third, who sells the Davis, vertical feed. Organs and Pianos sold on monthly installments.

O C

J. W. Barkhurst, Roscoe, O., has a full line of fine Groceries. 8-3t

TO THE PUBLIC.

COSHOCTON, O., Nov. 1, 1883.

This certifies that D. M. Moore bought Lady's Watch No. 1352725 in solid gold case and the same is warranted to be a good time keeper.

W. W. BOSWICK.

This is to certify that Watch No. 276796 purchased of me by D. M. Moore is warranted solid gold, and is guaranteed a good time piece.

WM. BURNS, JR.

USEFUL PRESENTS

For the Holiday season are what all are now looking for. The good old custom of making presents will be more generally observed this year than ever before, but all are interested in chosing that which will both please and be of lasting benefit. In this connection we would direct attention to the Stock of Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps carried by J. G. Magaw, the leading Shoe man of the town. Nothing would be more appropriate for any member of the family than a nice pair of Boots or Shoes, accordingly for whom intended. He carries the best makes and is sure to please

O I C

Choice Maple Syrup at J. W. Barkhurst's, $1.00 per gallon. 8 3t

VISIT D. M. Moore's holiday display.

Before buying your Christmas Candy call and see McNeil & Johnson's large assortment.

ELYSIAN REST

Is found in one of those fancy patent rockers at D. Rose & Son's, and if you want to please a relative or a friend—male or female—you cannot do better than buy one of them for a Christmas present.

PLEASE YOUR WIFE

Or sweetheart by purchasing her one of those nice Watches of Burns, the Jeweler.

"AS HANDY as a pocket in a shirt," said a farmer the other day when examining the Furniture at D. Rose & Son's, he observed one of those nice Folding Chairs, and the thought arose in our mind what a nice Christmas present one would make.

O I C

J. W. Barkhurst has the finest Raisins, Dates and Figs ever brought to this market. 8-3t

EXTRAORDINARY

Is the line of Hats and Caps carried by J. G. Magaw, the leading hat man of the county; and in this connection we desire to call attention to the fact that nothing more appropriate than a nice soft or stiff hat can be found for a holiday present. No doubt nearly all who read this are thinking about what they shall purchase for this purpose, and if it be for a father, son, brother, or friend that you desire to buy, allow us to assure you that nothing more pleasing or useful can be found than one of Magaw's hats.

McNeil & Johnson have now on hands the largest and finest Stock of Candies ever brought to the city.

O C

J. W. Barkhurst keeps a superior Sewing Machine Oil. dec 8-3t

A JURY

Of disinterested citizens of Coshocton county would no doubt decide without hesitation that the Store of Burns, the Jeweler, is one of the nicest arranged in the State and that the line of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Solid Silver Ware, Neck Chains and Jewelry of every description, is not to be excelled anywhere, and that the prices are not above and are often below those asked by others.

Stephen F. Whitman & Son's celebrated candy and crystalized Fruit on sale at McNeil & Johnson's.

MATTHEWS has the largest line of picture frames and mouldings in town, and will make frames of any kind to order on short notice.

AS THE Holidays approach, the question "What shall I present" suggests itself to every one. Buy something useful; something that will clothe the body as well as please the eye. What more appropriate present to husband, father or son, than a pair of shoes, slippers or a hat. What more pleasing to a wife, mother or daughter than a pair of fine shoes. Even the baby boy wants Santa Claus to bring him a pair of red top boots. Where to buy the best goods cheapest is the next question. Where to get the latest styles and largest assortment. Our answer is at Lee & Gosser's. An inspection of their mammoth stock of Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps and Rubbers will convince you that it is to your interest to buy of them. No. 241 Main Street, next to City Hall.

LEE & GOSSER.

FOR SALE.—Team of horses; three wagons—stone or log—low and light; plows, harness, scraper, sled, and house and lot in Steel Works addition to Coshocton. Call on or address Geo. Sherrard.

Candy from 20 cents to $1.00 per pound at McNeil & Johnson's.

O C

J. W. Barkhurst has a full line of X-mas Candies. 8-3t

ICE CREAM CANDY will be kept fresh at Mr. Howard's stand.

J. L. SMITH & SON

Can, have heretofore, and will continue to sell Clothing cheaper than any regular clothing house in the county. The only way you can thoroughly test the truth of the above statement is to come and see.

O, SAY CAN YOU SEE

In all this broad and boundless universe anything more appropriate for a Christmas gift than one of those nice Marble Top Tables at D. Rose & Son's.

THE next meeting of the Coshocton County Wool Growers Association will be held in town hall, Coshocton, on Monday, Jan. 14, 1884, at 10 o'clock a. m. Let there be a general turn out of the wool growers of the county. Good speakers will be present.

J. J. PARISH, Sec'y.

THE Winter term at Zanesville Business College opens January 2, 1884. 8 4t

WHAT TO BUY FOR CHRISTMAS

Must be decided right away.

Everybody admits that articles of wearing apparel are the most useful, substantial and ornamental presents you can give, and acceptable to everybody.

Selby, Moore & Caton have made a great effor to get just what you want.

You are very welcome to come in and look at the hundreds of new Fancy and useful things we have.

Our Christmas tree in our large front window is hanging full. A present for every one, price from 5 cts. to just as high as you want to go.

Do you want a pair of those new Driving Cuffs?

Do you want a fine Table Cloth with Napkins to match?

Do you want a nice pair of towels?

Do you want one of those pretty ticies?

Do you want some of those silk or linen handkerchiefs for Baby, Lady or Gentleman.

Ladies' Neckwear, Collars Fichues, etc.

Do you want a nice Ladies' Satchel or Work Basket?

Do you want a nice hand glass?

Do you want a pair of genuine "Foster" kid Gloves?

Do you want a Ladies' or Gent's Muffler, or Ladies' or child's Hood, or Mittens, or Wraps, or Dress, or Suspenders, or Skirt, or any fancy article, come and see if we have'nt the nicest and cheapest that you ever heard of.

The Toys and Fancy Goods in our old room are going like hot cakes. We must sell every one of them, and you will save money by getting your Toys, &c., there.

What is left in our old room after Christmas day we will sell at auction to the highest bidder at retail. Look out for the red flag.

Respectfully,

SELBY, MOORE & CATON

NewspaperARCHIVE®
NewspaperARCHIVE®

Uncommonly Common.

ROBERTINE'S ROMANCE—HOW SHE CONCEALED IT.

Robertine had finished cleaning her gloves, and was putting away the bits of old flannel and the "deodorized" fluid, whose faint hatefulness she declared she detested. "It's quite as bad as common benzine," she said to her mother, who was busy cooking a *spirituelle* sort of supper on the gasoline stove in the other room.

They leased the entire house, a two-story and basement brick, rather centrally located, and relet unfurnished rooms or suites in such a manner as to clear their own rental while reserving the double parlors and the joys of proprietorship.

They were very comfortably arranged. In the evening, Robertine could make herself pretty, close the folding-doors, run her fingers lightly over the keys of the upright piano, and feel equal to the entertaining of the most eligible gentlemen friends—even Wilfred Wales, Esq. In some respects she was more at ease with this gentleman for company than with any one else. Not because he was unusually handsome—beyond the frequency of his new clothes—or talented, or cultured, or witty; not because of any subtle charm in his conversation, like that of poor Dick Ethel, whom she had known so long, and who, she was forced to admit, would always remain the same visionary enthusiast and Bohemian. Poor Dick! If he would only quit trying to make a living with his pen, and become a practical member of society—a tailor, or shoemaker, or something honest! No, but when Wilfred Wales was calling Robertine knew there would be no after remarks from her mother, that good lady being, at such times, content to retire to peaceful dreams and a book-case bedstead, leaving the young people undisturbed.

Mr. Wales was a moneyed young man, with further "expectations," and Robertine felt it would be the merest folly to discourage his attentions. She knew herself thoroughly; knew all her disadvantages and all her little attractiveness. She had sized herself up long ago as a moderately pretty brunette, who could sing and play passably, read a French novel without the dictionary, write a dashing sort of letter, and dance all the newest fancies. She never forgot that she had neither fortune nor family—a blue lookout for any girl of twenty; that she had talent in no particular direction; that she was physically too delicate for continuous labor, besides being unfitted, by ambition, for the life of a working-woman.

Yet sometimes she felt sick of it all—sick of doing lawyers' copying at the thousand, and addressing wrappers by the thousand, and scheming how to best spend the money so earned and how to construct the prettiest costume in which to attend theatre or promenade concert with Mr. Wales. (Often she would far rather have gone sauntering in the park, clad in her plain, brown "Mother-Hubbard," with Richard Ethel beside her, and his pleasing fantasies.)

But what could she do to support herself? "You can't be a clerk in any store," said her mother, "it takes away a girl's social position."

"If she has any," said Robertine ironically.

Meanwhile they had got on very well without touching the insurance money received at the death of Robertine's lamented father, which was but a small sum at best, and which the mother would need for herself when once the daughter was married.

Robertine shook out three pair of evening gloves, and said musingly, "Now I'm ready to go anywhere if only some one invites me."

"If I were you I wouldn't go with anybody but Wales," admonished her mother. "If he sees you running around with common tags like Dick Ethel, he'll ship you!" Mrs. Ferris was often more forcible than elegant, and always unconscious of nautical tendencies. She was a thin, nervous woman, with an extraordinary contempt for the cipolloi. She was often heard to say that she had been struggling for years to keep her head above water, as also that of her deceased husband. (Poor man! his head had gone under ground in spite of her!)

Robertine colored. "I never go with any one I'm ashamed of," she said, indignantly; "and as for Mr. Wales, the 'shipping' process may be conducted by the other party."

"O, no doubt you feel able to manage your own affairs. Some folks, when they have a little streak of luck, act as if it would never be day with them—" closing with a pot antiphrasis.

"Now, mother, what is the use of such talk? Let us eat our supper in peace."

And they did; after which, Robertine having adjusted her toilet, went to the front windows and drew the curtains back, admitting the evening breeze. The sun was declining and the sky therewith glorified; she stood where it might dazzle her eyes a moment, then turned away.

"Mother, shall I close the folding-doors? Dick Ethel is coming over."

"O, yes; for heaven's sake, shut the doors, so I needn't hear him yarning. If I were you I wouldn't fool away my time on such common——"

Robertine banged the doors and lost the remainder.

"Come in, Dick," she called, through the wire window-netting. "Don't stop to ring."

"You are alone?" he said, smiling faintly as he entered. "I thought you might have company."

"You see for yourself I haven't."

"Your mother is well, I hope?"

"Quite; and busy, as usual."

"I met her on the street to-day, but I do not think she saw me."

"Perhaps not," said Robertine, doubtfully, remembering her mother's disdain for common attire. "But what are you doing this week, Dick? What is the latest romance?"

"I haven't done much," [illegible] slowly, "but I have thought of [illegible] I would like to do. O, I have had such beautiful thoughts! Dreams that I would like you to share with me!"

Robertine stirred uneasily.

"I have had thoughts too," she said, half lightly. "I have been thinking of getting married."

He looked at her in a curious way, but did not interrupt, as she went on:

"Yes, I have about decided that the only thing I can do is, get married."

"O Robertine!" he said, in a shocked voice.

"You think I am joking, Dick, but I am not. I am taking a business view of the matter. I must find a rich husband. You see I belong to a very good-for-nothing class; incapable and indolent, yet ambitious for social distinction; mediocre in talent, yet refined in taste, while my education has been of such a superficial nature that the thought of it disgusts me."

"O, Robertine!" he repeated, distressfully. "But you couldn't sell yourself—you could not marry for money alone!"

"O, dear no," she answered, cheerfully, "not for money alone. I must have a respectable-looking husband, with a suspicion of brains. Then, too, while she is about it, why can't a girl happen to fall in love with a man who has money? I regard it as my duty to do this, and—by the way—you ought to follow my example."

He changed his seat to one beside her on the sofa, and spoke in a hurt, reproachful tone:

"Robertine, these words are unworthy of you. I can't understand why you should joke, either. We—we have been good friends——" then he broke off, as if he had lost all self-control, all power of speech.

She was moved, and remained silent until the sound of her mother in the other room seemed to give her tongue new impetus.

"Ah, Richard, 'Art is long and life is fleeting!' We have no time to be great or to foster grand thoughts. Why, even you and I might be silly enough to fall in love with each other, but it wouldn't do, would it? O no, it would be ridiculous—mad! The very last thing on earth!"

"The very last thing on earth," he repeated, quietly. They were not looking at each other now, yet they were both strangely pale.

"The very last!" she said, recovering herself after a moment; then abruptly: "Richard, I want to tell you some little things—confidential, you know, strictly confidential."

"Yes," he said, vacantly.

"Richard, this is midsummer; but I suppose you know people wear flannels in winter-time—ladies do."

Her seeming irrelevancy might other times have startled him; now he only sighed inquiringly.

"Well?"

"Well, last winter—you remember how cold it was—how many flannels do you suppose mother and I had apiece?"

"Three, perhaps," he ventured, wearily.

"No, indeed; we had three between us. This kept us washing one, twice a week, which was tiresome, beside wearing out the garments. Fancy having one such article of clothing and taking it off at bedtime to wash it that it may dry by morning. Isn't the thought abominable?"

The long, quivering breath that he drew smote her painfully, as she felt that, through her, his heart must ache a long time, perhaps forever.

She could not look at him. He rose without speaking. Perhaps he could not trust his voice.

"You are not going, Dick? But perhaps you haven't been to supper."

"I don't know," he faltered. "I must go and finish some work. I—I hope you will not do anything hastily. Robertine, remember—remember I am your friend—always." Then he went out and away.

Mrs. Ferris slid the doors ajar and entered.

"Gone at last?" she asked, glancing through the window at the tall form crossing the street with slow, dispirited gait. "If he doesn't look common!"

Robertine had gone to the piano.

"Mother," she said impatiently. "If Maj. Drummond proposes again you'd better marry him. He's uncommon enough to suit you—especially his temper."

She could have sobbed aloud, she so hated herself. She fancied Richard ascending to his poor room across the way—his gray, cheerless, pathetic room—and sitting down uncomforted among his manuscripts. She could see his pale face, his sad, brown eyes. She hated herself, and her mother, and Wilfred Wales, and all the cruel, bitter world!

She tried a strain of Mendelssohn's music to soothe and strengthen her, and her mother spoke, as if reminded:

"The piano rent is due to-morrow, Robertine. Don't let me forget; they are very exacting."

Robertine changed to fierce opera melodies, and immediately Mr. Wilfred Wales arrived. Mrs. Ferris had made her escape and closed the folding-doors.

"I was thinking of you," said Robertine sweetly, and speaking the truth.

"Of me? Is that so? Then I'm glad." He pressed her hand with all a lover's fondness.

Nor was he really so objectionable—a well-built man with a prepossessing countenance and a frank, easy speech. He never romanced, nor paused for exactness, nor unfolded quaint discoveries, nor indulged in *ben trovato* poesy, as poor Dick Ethel was wont.

He was a cheerful caller and often made her laugh; still there were times when she could as well have yawned. (Poor Dick Ethel might have talked all night and never wearied her.)

"Take the rocking-chair," she begged, "and I will sit right here on the sofa. We can both see the street and feel the breeze."

"Thanks," said Mr. Wales, twinkling his great third-finger diamond by careless motions of the hand.

"I say, what do you think? I am going to change hotels."

"Indeed! Why I thought you liked your place so much?"

"I did, until this morning. Never was more surprised in my life. What do you suppose I found in my coffee?"

"A fly," the young lady suggested.

"Not exactly."

"Then a roach?"

"Oh, no; dear me, not so bad. But it was a shred of something resembling cotton."

"O!" said Robertine in a relieved tone, "a piece of the dish-cloth. And you will change because of that?"

"I have curious thoughts. And now, Robertine——"

She turned to the window and gazed intently.

"What are you looking at?" he asked. "That literary friend of yours coming out across? Clever fellow, isn't he? Wish I could write. But, do you know, Robertine, I fancy—though I may be mistaken—I fancy the poor fellow hasn't got a good tailor."

Robertine answered very deliberately: "I think it more probable that he hasn't any at all."

"What! you don't mean he is distressed? That would be rough! A fellow that can reel off such things. I'd like to help him out some way or other. Do you think he'd be offended if I asked him to accept a present?"

"I know he would be offended," she answered decisively.

Wales heaved a sigh, but she knew he didn't feel greatly disappointed. He was excellently disposed as far as *offering* to be liberal went. "O, I suppose so," he assented; "these fellows are proud as the dickens."

"But about your hotel?"

"Well, I have nearly decided to make a change. A hotel is very comfortable, but a man gets to thinking he'd like a home of his own." He left the rocking-chair for the sofa precisely as Ethel had done so short a time before. "Robertine," he said softly, and took possession of her hand; "Robertine, you know what I mean, don't you?"

"I do not know what you mean," she answered in a low, firm tone.

"Don't you, darling; don't you know I love you and want you for a wife? Yes, I want a wife and a home!"

She had caught every word; it had not escaped her that he wanted a wife as an adjunct to—a home. And she resisted no longer, but allowed him to draw her face nearer and nearer, until it touched his lips.

It was really arranged, thought Mrs. Ferris, sighing contentedly in the other room, where she had not missed a word. After all Robertine was a sensible girl; and she thought she would go in and light the gas and receive the news.

"Here are some matches, daughter," she said innocently. "It will soon be dark."

Wales arose bowing, and managed after a fashion to announce the engagement.

Mrs. Ferris stood a moment as if astonished, then approached, smiling benevolently. Her little speech had been well rehearsed. "I am not wholly surprised," she said. "Robertine is so frank that she has poorly concealed from me her growing affection for you. I am overjoyed that she has found one so worthy of her—and—and I congratulate you both." Saying which she withdrew with unusual dignity.

Mr. Wales remained an hour or so; then he told his betrothed she looked tired and he would not keep her up. He lifted her hand and pressed it to his lips. It was not a very beautiful hand, but we know lovers and lovers have kissed other five-and-three-quarter members whose only merit was their

scrawny individuality. So Mr. Wales departed.

Robertine on retiring was extremely wakeful, and tossed about so violently that her mother reminded her of the style of bed they occupied.

"You are not crossing the channel," she said severely.

"Mother, haven't you really thought of marrying Maj. Drummond? He is very devoted; he has a neat income, and stands well in society. There is nothing common about him. You might be perfectly happy."

"Why do you want me to marry him?"

"Well, I have led Wales to understand that you are thoroughly independent—in short, a very desirable sort of mother-in-law; that you have some insurance-money, and also an offer of marriage. 'Mrs. Maj. Drummond' sounds well, mother, and nobody need know the acquaintance began through his advertisement for unfurnished rooms."

"I'll think about it, Robertine."

* * * * * *

Dick Ethel heard the news the next day when he called, Robertine being absent.

"I hope she may be happy," he said quietly, and went away. He repeated this in a note to the girl herself, adding, "Forgive me if ever I have hurt your feelings. We may never—meet again, but I pray God to bless you forever and ever."

She wept over his written words.

"Forgive him! Dear old Dick, I was not worthy of him. O dear, dear old Dick!"

"I shall accept Maj. Drummond," said Mrs. Ferris at last.

"That's right, mother. Really I know no one I would rather you should marry. As for the gout, it only troubles him occasionally, and baldness has come to be curable."

"I shall do," said her mother sharply. "Perhaps you will, too, if you maintain your dignity and stop associating with common trash like Dick Ethel."

Robertine turned pale.

"Why do you never call Wilfred 'common,' mother?"

"Why? Well—even if he deserved it, which he doesn't—I wouldn't hurt your feelings."

"My feelings!"—with scornful vehemence.

"Bah! Because he has plenty of money and dresses well! Mother don't mention Dick Ethel again, if you please! We are none of us fit to black his shoes."

* * * * * *

Robertine was married in late October, and wore the white satin and orange-blossoms over a heart that was growing gradually lighter. She also developed more sense than sentiment, as the days passed, which, though not displeasing to Mr. Wales, surprised him.

"Dearest," he said one night early in the honeymoon, "you married me for love, didn't you?"

"Why, of course," she replied unhesitatingly. She was sitting on the side of the bed, and looked bewitching in her rosepink wrapper.

"And even if I had been poor, you would have loved me just as well, wouldn't you?"

"O, I can't tell," she said with utter candor. "If you had been poor, we might never have met, or I might have loved some one else, and you not cared for me. Don't you see? Why it's nothing against one's lover that he keeps it to property. O no, I say I'm sure it is nothing against him!"

She spoke very earnestly at the close, and then he laughed and, stooping, kissed her cheek.

Some Wonderful Horses.

A Western trotting horse with the curious name of Jay-Eye-See has reduced the time for trotting a mile to 2.10¾. There seems to be little doubt that, before many years are over, a horse will be bred who will trot a mile in two minutes. Jay-Eye-See is a peculiar animal in his eating. When fed he insists upon taking a draught of water between each mouthful of oats. He alternates the water constantly with the hay or grain fed to him. This horse has beaten St. Julien and will have a brush in time with Maud S., W. H. Vanderbilt's famous trotting mare. At the race course it is now the practice to give whisky to some horses. It seems they can win races with that stimulus when without it they would fail. An old horse named Baby beat several fine fields of animals after powerful potations of liquor. Although still very popular, race courses are becoming demoralized. Their first supporters in this country were people who called themselves gentlemen, but now the principal owners of horses run at the race meetings are professional gamblers, book-makers and other low fellows. Even jockeys have their entries at every meeting. The long races in vogue in former years, which were a real test of bottom and speed of horses, have been replaced by numerous short dashes, for the benefit of the pool rooms, but which seriously deteriorates the stamina of the horses which engage in them. The practise of giving whisky to horses, which has been begun, will in the end destroy the turf physically as well as morally.—*Demorest's.*

The Increase of Wealth.

Although there is a great deal of poverty in the civilized world, and millions of human beings are constantly on the verge of starvation, yet the fact seems to be well established that wealth in all civilized countries has increased faster than population. Mr. M. G. Mulhall, an English statistician, has lately published some figures, showing that the English people as a whole are far better off than they were in the time of the Stuarts. In 1660, when England and Wales had 5,500,000 people, the average wealth was about *£45 per capita*. In 1774 the average was £136 per head. In 1882 the population was 35,000,000, while the total property of England and Wales amounted to £8,720,000,000, or *£249 per capita.* The same writer points out that this increase of wealth has been real, and largely in excess of the rise in prices which accompanied it. He also claims that the distribution of wealth is becoming more general as it increases. Judging, for instance, by the number of carriages, there are relatively three times more wealthy people to-day than fifty years ago. In 1840 only 8 per cent. of the population had deposits in the savings banks; in 1882, 11 per cent. were depositors in those institutions. Henry George, a well-known American writer, has been trying to prove that poverty increases with the advance of civilization, due to the monopolizing and enhancement of the value of land; but those figures, and the improved condition of the mass of our population as well as those of Europe, show that he must be mistaken. Still the problem of problems is, how to increase the material prosperity of the great mass of mankind. All who love their race look forward to the time when extreme poverty will be unknown, and every man and woman will be decently clad, have comfortable homes, plenty of food, and also a chance to gratify higher wants than those which appertain to our mortal body.—*Demorest's.*

In London, standard books and novels, complete, can be bought for two cents. Here is, perhaps, where the New York publishers got their idea of selling for two cents a newspaper it has cost them $2,000 to get up.

IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

Life on the Fiji Islands—Recollections of Cannibalism.

"I left America in 1850," Mr. Cooper began, "and I went first to Australia from California. I remained there a while and then I wandered around over the south seas for some years. I did not go to Fiji till 1878. I was tired of rambling then, and I concluded to settle down, though I paid a visit to Melbourne afterward. I started with a little colony, it being our intention to buy plantations and grow Sea Island cotton, which was then bringing enormous prices in the London market. There were seven others, but after looking around only five beside myself concluded to remain. We bought largely of plantations, but all were not adapted to the growth of cotton, the natives compelling us to buy a good deal of mountain land. At that time it was very cheap, selling at about seventy-five cents an acre.

"The cotton enterprise did not pay well, as the price soon declined, and for several other reasons. We did nothing much after that but to hold on to our real estate until the sugar boom came, when we were paid handsomely, as the sugar lands rose to from $75 to $150 an acre. The mountain property did not become so remunerative, but it rose $6 or $7. We went into sugar planting after that, and we have been doing well ever since."

"How is your land worked?" asked the reporter.

"By native labor," said Mr. Cooper. "The island, as you know, is under British domination, and all laborers are imported under official inspection. They are governed by a code of strict ordinances, which are rigidly enforced, and we have no trouble in controlling them. They are paid $36 to $60 a year and all expenses of food, lodging and clothing. They are an industrious set of people, and they make as trustworthy laborers as can be found anywhere."

"What about their morals, Mr. C.?"

"The standard is now high, as the islanders have all been Christianized by the Catholics and Wesleyans. This is particularly true of the older people, though it was not always so with the younger part of the population."

"Are there any cannibals among them?"

"Not now. The missionaries have succeeded in entirely reforming them of the appetite for human flesh, and all this has been done within the past few years. The Fiji Islanders were formerly the worst set of cannibals in the south seas, and when I first visited them they still practiced this habit."

"Did any instance ever come under your personal observation?" queried the reporter.

"Yes, once. Two of our party strayed off from us and were captured by hostile natives, who killed them and ate part of the bodies. We finally secured the remains, but their legs and arms had been cut off and devoured."

"Was this cannibalism a religious rite as has so often been asserted?" asked the reporter.

"Not at all, further than that the bodies of all enemies slain in war were eaten when obtained by the victors. I question, though, if this was not done through pure love of the flesh. I have talked with old cannibals, and they told me that they had a real fondness for the flesh. The quality varied as the natives were well aware, and young men were more eagerly sought after than the old ones. A Polynesian was much better esteemed as an article of diet than a white man, the flesh being firmer, and, as they declared, of a peculiarly rich oleaginous flavor. They did not confine their anthropophagous attentions to their enemies, but ate their own people. At every canoe launch or other great festival it was the custom for the chief to select one or two victims, who were killed and roasted for the benefit of the others. No one dreamed of resisting the authority of the chiefs in these matters."

"Did you ever witness any of these rites?"

"No; I am glad to say that I have not. I once witnessed one equally barbarous, it being the burying alive of the six widows of a chief at their dead husband's funeral. I had heard of the occasion, and through motives of curiosity I attended. The spectacle was a solemnly impressive one, though devoid of even barbaric flourish and ceremony. I was surprised at the conduct of the women, from whom I expected violence, terror, and supposed they would make some resistance. Nothing of the sort occurred, but they submitted to their fate without the least appearance of unwillingness. They went stolidly to the grave and were sewed up with mats, after which they were laid down side by side with the body of the chief, and then thirty or forty young men filled up the grave in a trice. Not a single scream, not a moan or sigh of terror escaped them; and their stolid countenances were as stolid on the brink of the grave as they were hours before. It made my blood run cold and my flesh creep, but the spectators took it all as a matter of course. But those things do not happen now."

"How are you pleased with the country?"

"I am going back to it," he replied, significantly. "The climate is delightful, the government good, and the country prosperous. The soil is yet inexhaustibly rich, although there are evidences that every foot of ground was at one time cultivated to feed the immense population, the steep hillsides of the mountains being terraced to the summit. There were prudent law-givers then, however, and the population was reduced by killing off all the girl babies for a period of several years."—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

The Earl of Belfast, son of the new Marquis of Donegal, came conspicuously before the public twenty-five years ago in a scheme to win the hand of an heiress, since dead, with whom, through the connivance of his sister, he corresponded by interlining his sister's letters to the young lady in sympathetic ink. The murder came out by the young lady's mother accidentally holding the letter to the fire while warming her hands. The letter was sent to the Lord Chancellor, the heiress being a ward of court, and there was a tremendous ado made about the matter. The Chancellor stated in open court that he had almost decided to commit the sister, a Countess, for contempt.

The Providence *Press* makes a strong plea in favor of compulsory education and truancy laws. "Their effect," it says, "has been uniformly salutary. Of course, it is not claimed that they have entirely done away with immorality and crime, nor that they are likely to do so. But it is claimed, and abundant facts support the assertion, that the operation of these laws has directly resulted in a large and gratifying increase in school attendance, and a consequent decrease in illiteracy, immorality and crime."

Concerning California Oranges.

Orange trees were first planted in California about 1820, by Franciscan friars, at the old San Gabriel Mission in Los Angeles county. Many of these old trees still bear excellent fruit. San Gabriel is now the chief orange center of California, having probably half the bearing trees in the state. In this locality the orchards have often netted five hundred dollars per acre, annually.

From 1857 to 1862 orange growing was greatly checked by the insects, which caused an almost total failure. But in 1862 this pest abated and there was a good crop. There were then in the whole state about two thousand five hundred trees, over two-thirds of which were in the Wolfskill orchard.

In 1870 fifteen carloads were sent from Los Angeles to Utah, and from that date Salt Lake City has continued to be a good market for California oranges. Since 1862 their culture has been much extended. The surveyor general reported two hundred and fifty thousand bearing trees in 1880; and there are probably three or four times as many not yet yielding fruit—the total number of trees being estimated at one million. San Francisco uses almost twelve million oranges annually, of which over half are from home orchards, five million being imported from Tahiti and Mexico. The entire crop of this state for the season of 1881-2 was twenty millions. A great annual increase is generally anticipated during the next decade.

As California oranges come in market after those from Florida, there is no competition in the western states, and little danger of over production. The various railroads have of late favored the growers by reducing freights to certain points, especially to Arizona, in whose hot dry climate this fruit is most welcome. Though mainly grown in the irrigable district of the southern part of the state, orange trees are planted and flourish throughout the Sacramento Valley, and even at an elevation of a thousand feet on the Sierra Nevada foot-hills the fruit ripens earlier than in southern California.

Sixty to one hundred trees occupy an acre; when full grown they are twenty to twenty-five feet high, and shade a circle fifteen to twenty feet in diameter. The orchards are generally irrigated every six weeks, and plowed after each watering to prevent baking. Bearing begins from the fifth to the eighth year after planting; in ten years about one thousand oranges per tree are picked, and in fifteen years about two thousand. The fruit is often sold on the trees, the buyers doing the picking, packing and shipping. Ripening continues from December to April, but the harvest lasts nearly all the year, since many leave the ripe fruit on the trees several months, thinking the flavor is thus improved. California oranges having drier skins than those grown in other climates, are well adapted for export. Eight boxes sent from Los Angeles to London in 1875, arrived in the most perfect condition, not one being lost by decay.

In planting orchards in southern California, seedlings and buddings are used. The former are now in disfavor as the product is small every alternate year; and the thick thorns often injure the fruit when swayed by winds. Budded trees grow less tall, have very few thorns, and their more open branches facilitate gathering the crop.—*M. E. Bamford in American Agriculturist for December.*

Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde.

An article in the December *Century*, by Miss Anna Bicknell, on "The Pretenders to the Throne of France," contains several interesting portraits. After describing favorably the character of the Comte de Paris, the writer says: "Far different is the character of the Bonaparte claimant, Prince Jerome Napoleon. His resemblance in feature to his illustrious uncle, the great Emperor, is most striking; but no less striking is the difference of expression, which is certainly not to the advantage of Prince Napoleon. All the revelations of that face are confirmed by popular report, and universal sympathy is felt for the admirable Princess Clotilde, forced by necessity to live apart from the husband to whom she had been sacrificed through political considerations. No two individuals could be more ill-matched than the atheistical, dissipated Jerome Napoleon, as celebrated for his immoral life as for his coarse brutality of temper and his supposed—what shall we call it?—*personal prudence* under fire, and the calm, dignified Italian Princess, fearless, like a true daughter of the house of Savoy; devout, almost to excess; with the tastes and habits of a nun and the ardent faith of a martyr. She did not possess the beauty or the quick, brilliant wit which might have pleased him; she cared little for splendid dress or worldly pleasures. She spent almost too much time in devotional practices, which he abhorred. During the Empire, the home life of the Princess Clotilde was austere, quiet, and, it must be owned, very monotonous; perhaps too much so to be quite judicious, under the circumstances in which she was placed. But everything that surrounded her shocked her feelings so much that she could only take refuge in silence and reserve. Her husband was openly an unbeliever, the enemy of the church to which she was devoted; and his conduct in other respects was such as to be a permanent and cruel insult to his wife.

"When the Empire fell, the Princess went to reside at a country seat, in Switzerland, on the Lake of Geneva. There she led the life of a Sister of Charity, tending the poor and the sick with her own hands, and depriving herself of everything that could possibly be spared, in order to give more to those in need. After the death of the King, her father, she retired, without any opposition from the Prince, her husband, to the palace of Moncalieri, near Turin, which had been left to her; there, at least, she was not obliged to endure the affronts which hitherto had not been spared to her. The sympathy of all went with her, and the unpopularity of Prince Napoleon consequently increased. Notwithstanding his remarkable intelligence, which cannot be denied, his eloquence as an orator, and the prestige of that Bonaparte face, so like that of the great Emperor, Prince Napoleon is universally disliked, and despised as much as he is disliked. Even the Bonapartists dare not put forward his claims; their chance of success would be too small."

Mr. Villard has bought another tract of land on the Hudson. This will be added to his original estate, and during the coming winter and spring all will be laid out in an elaborate park, with lawns, drives, lakes and statuary. The total cost of the estate and improvements will reach $170,000. Mr. Villard boasts that in the spring he will construct the noblest castle that has yet graced the Hudson.

WHY MEN DO NOT MARRY.

The English Solution of an Interesting Social Problem.

The English marriage market has become an arena of competition as keen as any auction-room, says a writer in the *Whitehall Review*. The natural impulses of women are disregarded. Mothers advise prudent alliances, and discountenance, by fair means or foul, love-matches. Girls choke down their feelings, and aid and abet their seniors in encouraging men who are "catches" throwing off the restraints which made their grandmothers charming. But still the cry goes up, "Men do not marry." And yet the most inveterate clubman, the mocker at love in a cottage, was once a youth not blase, to whom the vision of a home was enchanting. Almost every man tries his hand at realizing some such dream early in life; but the attempt is usually nipped in the bud by want of means, or by failure to win the particular woman on whom his heart is set. He suffers acutely; but man is an elastic creature; in time he mingles again with the world, not entirely proof against feminine fascination, but finding it almost impossible to set up an ideal. Matrons with attractive daughters can not complain that their girls see few men. The tendency of the age is to level the barriers between the sexes; girls play tennis, they row, they rink, they skate, they sit in the smoking-room, they dance, not only in the evenings, but in the afternoons. The natural tendency of such intimate association would be matrimony. But the fact is, that men who might have had serious intentions are frightened off before liking begets love. There is an all-prevailing fuss pervading the intercourse of young people which is altogether detrimental. The instant a pair begin to show any particular liking for each other's society the wide world around them is instantly on the qui vive. The mother watches, fusses, reports to her cronies, and too often catechises the girl, wounding her sense of delicacy and making her conscious and constrained; or leading her to imagine herself beloved, when the man's feeling is only that of pleasure in the society of a young woman who does her best to make herself agreeable. Men are usually ignorant how girls note and weigh the attentions they receive, and that they impart the details of such homage to sympathetic—if envious—feminine ears, thus giving body to vague nothings, and brooding over trifles till they gather shape. Meanwhile, the man, having said the pretty things his idea of politeness has prompted, goes away, forgetting them and their recipient, while she is expecting a declaration as the result of a few soft nothings, a squeeze of the hand, or tender glances. Women are not aware, on the other hand, how sincerely he may like and admire a girl without a thought beyond mere good will. And it is precisely the better kind of man who falls into the misfortune of raising false hopes; the man who believes in the simplicity and candor of women, desires their sympathy and values their regard. A man of the world has the instinct of self-preservation developed strongly enough for his protection. The sense of safety is the real bond of many of the alliances now so fashionable—sometimes salutary, often mischievous—between men and married women. Kept within bounds no suspicion attaches to them, no hopes are built upon them. The lady receives the petits soins dear to the female nature, which the husband of long standing often neglects; the man receives the sympathy grateful to the masculine creature. Men feel this without analyzing their sentiments, and it is a common complaint among them nowadays that it is impossible to become well acquainted with a girl without exciting the too lively anxiety of her friends. And no wise man proposes without knowing the character of the girl he wishes to marry. The mothers who are so eager for their daughters' establishment are wise, although this precipitation is indecorous.

Filial Devotion of a Bird.

We have a saying that charity begins at home, and it has been added that a great deal of the charity that begins at home stays there. Of this narrow sort of benevolence, too, we find examples among the animals. There is the barbet, for instance. It is a solitary bird, and sits most of the time in morose silence on a twig, waiting for its food (in the shape of an insect) to fly by. Sometimes it is said to rouse itself and make a descent upon the nest of some smaller bird, and eat all the little ones.

Certainly, one would not look for any sort of benevolence from such a bird; and yet it offers a very striking and beautiful example of the begin-at-home-and-stay-there kind.

The celebrated naturalist, Levaillant, who has told us so many interesting things about the birds of Africa and South America, says he discovered a barbet's nest in which there were five birds. Four of them were young and vigorous, but the fifth was so old and weak that when it was put into a cage with its comrades it could not move, but lay dying in the corner where it had been placed.

When food was put into the cage, the poor old bird could only look at it longingly, without having the strength to drag itself within reach of it. Then it was that the younger birds manifested a singular spirit of kindness. Quickly, and even with an air of tenderness, as it seems, they carried food to the decrepit old bird, and fed it as if it had been only a fledgling. Struck by this spectacle, the naturalist examined the nest from which the birds had been taken, and found that it was full of husks and the remains of insects, showing plainly that the old bird must have been maintained a long time by its vigorous companions, which probably were its own offsprings. Further study of other birds of the same species convinced the naturalist that it was the custom for the old and infirm birds to be cared for by the young and strong.

There are several different species of barbets found in Africa and South America, and though not graceful in shape, many of them are exceedingly beautiful in plumage. They get their name of barbet from the French word *barbe*, meaning beard, because they have tufts of stiff hair at the base of the bill. Naturalists place them in a genus called *Bucco*, and some persons call them puff-birds, because they have an odd way of puffing out the feathers all over the body, which then looks more like a bale of feathers than a bird. —*St. Nicholas.*

Baltimore has organized an effective scheme for ridding itself of tramps. A wood-yard has been established where the tramp will have to earn his victuals and lodging. A very small stock of wood will be required after the tramps learn the news.

GLEANINGS.

Iowa has $7,000,000 in her savings banks.

Fish balls in Boston are called "piscatorial globes."

The Queen of Madagascar has married her Prime Minister.

Oranges will ripen about Christmas in California.

Key West is to have a big hotel, costing $150,000.

Victor Hugo expects to climb the Alps next summer.

A Danbury lady says she found a chestnut in the yolk of an egg.

Five hundred thousand alligators were killed in Florida last year.

A woman has challenged Bob Ingersoll to a discussion, and Bob has crawled off.

Colonel Pinckney Stark, of North Carolina, is writing a life of John C. Calhoun.

Patti has been singing for thirty years and Nilsson for twenty. Both are sensitive on this point.

Boston, in its desire to keep up with the times, wants a Vienna bakery, but can't get any one to start it.

The profits of the Indian trader at the San Carlos Agency are said to be $50,000 a year.

Captain L. B. Crouch, an unmarried Texas stockman, has an insurance of $60,000 on his life.

There is no law in Tennessee in any way regulating or restricting the practice of medicine.

At Indiantown, Leake county, Miss., fifty-five Choctaw Indians have joined the Baptist Church.

English doctors say that tea drinking is causing more mental and physical diseases than beer drinking.

Colored people edit and control at least twelve periodical publications in the United States.

The Government nets $39.81 on every 2,000 of the new stamps sold, on the cost of making them.

There is nothing that tends to encourage cruelty more than the prevalent fashion that demands the slaughter of birds for ornament.

Few persons know that the Queen of England has a court-jester. This relic of mediævalism is 76 years of age and his name W. F. Wallott.

The London Fisheries Exhibit was visited by 2,703,051 persons, and not a case of disorderly conduct was brought to the knowledge of the commissioners.

There are only nine lawyers among the 249 Representatives in the Connecticut Legislature, and only three among the 24 Senators.

The New York *Evening Post* says that the florists of that city can "tell tales of extravagance that even diamond dealers could not credit."

California wants more people and the authorities have issued pamphlets calling attention to the fact that nearly 45,000,000 acres of land are open for settlement.

The official returns show that the healthiest class of people in Great Britain are the inmates of prisons, where simple diet, regular hours and exercise are cor

Blankets take their name from Sir Thomas Blanket, of Bristol, who first made them in 1340; while worsted is so called from the town of Worsted, in Norfolk, were it was first manufactured.

On the bill of fare in New York Italian restaurants coffee is 1 cent a cup, steak, chops and stews, 3 cents; pastry 3 cents; beer, 2 cents; whisky and brandy, 3 cents. These places are thronged daily by persons of all nationalities.

Dr. Ladellé has discovered that prussic acid is an antidote for poisoning by strychnine. Medical men will be cautious in using it, however, as the prussic acid to be of any use must be given in doses which would be fatal under any other circumstances.

A Georgia dog fell into a Georgia well during the summer. Not being a very good dog no fuss was made about it. Seven weeks after the fall the owner of the well went down into it to see why there was no water in it. He found the well as dry as a horn and the dog feeling well with the exception of being hungry.

General Sheridan explains that the frequent desertions from the army on the frontier are due to the fact that many impecunious young men in the East, who desire to get out to the rich mineral and agricultural regions in the West, enlist in the army simply to secure transportation at the hands of the government.

A company of Southern capitalists are preparing to build a new manufacturing city on the south side of the Tennessee river, in Alabama, near Mussel Shoals. The site is 100 feet above high water mark, and it will be called "Iron City." It is at the head of navigation on the Tennessee, and will be the terminus of at least three lines of railroad which run through the coal and iron fields of the South.

Prohibition has made great advances in Georgia within a few years. In order to find out just what the existing situation was in that respect the Atlanta *Constitution* recently addressed to county officers a circular, which has elicited replies from 125 of the 137 counties in the State. From these reports it appears that total prohibition prevails in fifty-five counties and partial prohibition in thirty-six, while from twenty-five come reports that prohibition had either been defeated or was regarded with indifference.

Various are the methods of initiating Harvard students into the secret societies. All aspiring young men are put through, for two weeks, a series of menial and humiliating drudgery and subjection. One New Yorker is said to have been lately made to sell papers a week dressed in striped bed ticking. A well dressed young man obediently dashed through Harvard square holding out a long handled dipper and pathetically imploring: "Won't you please give me a little something?" at the same time devoutly crossing himself. Others are fantastically dressed, placarded and sent on ridiculous errands. The penalty of disobedience is the closing of the societies forever to the candidates. Violence is not resorted to in the initiations, which are curious and ingenious methods of making the candidate ridiculous.

The honor of an audience with the King of Burmah involves some inconveniencies. In spite of the frightful sun of that country, it is strictly forbidden to open a parasol after passing the first palace gate, and then one must cross an enormous court yard bareheaded, without any shade except a little fan. One must also either avoid passing before the central palace gates or else do so with his body bent almost at right angles. Finally, when you come to the side door, by which alone it is lawful to enter, you must leave your shoes at the bottom of the stairs and walk for several hundred yards over the scorching planks until you reach the throne hall, [illegible] must squat, taking care to hide your feet as much as possible, until the King deigns to issue from his private apartments. When he does come he speaks from behind a screen and a confidential attendant repeats his august words.

David Dudley Field is indignant about the growing disregard of smokers for the rights of their non-smoking fellow beings. He has nothing to say against the use of tobacco as such, but confines himself to the assertion that abstainers have rights which every smoker who pretends to be moderately considerate of others ought to respect. In the *Continent* he asks how the smoker and the non-smoker can reconcile their respective pretensions. Nothing is easier, he thinks. Let the smoker smoke unto himself, but let the one who does not smoke or take tobacco into his mouth or blow it out of his nostrils be free from the annoyance. The non-smokers have their remedy in their own hands. Let them resist every encroachment on their rights. Let them refuse to attend places of amusement, or take passage in conveyances where they are not protected against tobacco. —*Cin. Com Gazette.*

J. C. Flood's Mansion.

Work will be commenced during the coming winter on the Flood mansion, to be built on California street, nearly opposite the Stanford residence. The structure will occupy a lot 212 6 by 275 feet, and will be in dimensions 100 feet square, receding about 50 feet from the street. The foundation will be of brick and the superstructure of Connecticut brown stone. The style of architecture will be classic. The entrance to the house from the grounds will be by a portico of the Roman Doric order, having a depth of from 25 to 30 feet. A similar portico, but of somewhat smaller dimensions, will adorn the entrance on Sacramento street. The main floor will consist of a vestibule and entrance hall beyond, which will lead to a large central hall, 45x32 feet. These halls will be divided and handsomely embellished by a system of pillars and arches. Beyond the central hall and directly facing the entrance will be the grand staircase, the width of the space for which is 25 feet. The principal flight of the main staircase will be nine feet wide, and will lead to a landing of 10x25 feet, which, being lighted by costly stained glass windows of original design and workmanship will form quite a hallway by itself. To the left of the vestibule will be the dining-rooms and library hall, butler's and pantry rooms, etc. On the right of the main entrance will be the grand reception room, 26x20; the drawing-room, 45x30, and the hall and the music room, 50x37. These three are en suite, and when thrown open present an apartment 115 feet in length, which when lighted by the electrical system designed for them, will afford a magnificent and imposing room. The chamber or sleeping floor will consist of five large rooms, 30x30 each, and a smoking room on the northeast corner, 25 feet square, ventilated from above and to be furnished in a style of oriental luxury. The woodwork of the interior will be heavy South American timber of varied colors and shadings. The cost of the mansion had not yet been estimated, and as the architect has *carte blanche*, it will probably be second to no private residence in the world. *San Francisco Examiner.*

Too Weak For Him

"I understand that you have broken your engagement with the beautiful Miss Piggleworth," said Colonel Willin to a young man.

"Yes, decided that we could never get along together."

"What evidence had you of incompatibility?"

"Striking evidence. The last time I was at her house she showed me a decided weakness in her character. Now if there is anything in this world that I admire, it is strength. In my grand admiration for strength, my dear colonel, I lose sight of a hundred faults."

"Why, my friend," the colonel replied, "Miss Piggleworth is a lady of strong character."

"No, no, she's weak. Now, colonel, you know I am a man of the world and attach more importance to strength than a less schooled man would."

"Is she too girlish in her manner?"

"Oh, no."

"Vacillating in her tastes?"

"No, quite steadfast."

"Then how the deuce is she weak?"

"Well, you see while I was with her the other evening the rest of the family was away from home. While we were talking pleasantly, a servant entered and said that the washerwoman had come and wanted her pay, and, sir, without making an attempt to stand the woman off she deliberately paid the amount. I can't stand anything like that, and I am convinced that she would not do for my wife."

"I quite agree with you," the colonel replied, after a moment's reflection. "Such a weakness of character would soon break a man up. Fortunately, I didn't marry that kind of a woman." *Arkansaw Traveler*

A Chinaman's Broncho.

Hip Long Gee, a Chinese gardener, says the Denver *Republican*, was the proud possessor of a broncho and a spring wagon. He has the wagon, but the fiery, untamed steed of the plains is no more. Yesterday Hip was seated on his wagon leisurely going down Blake street. He had a mammoth squash on the seat with him, which a brother Celestial admired. He hallooed to Hip to hold on, and the horse not being used to the English language, started off on a dead run. He ran two blocks, and in endeavoring to turn the corner of Sixteenth St. stumbled and fell, breaking his neck. The wagon was piled on him rather promiscuously, and vegetables were scattered around like at a country fair. When the wagon was lifted off Hip, who was buried in the ruins, he was found hugging the mammoth squash, frightened until he was as pale as a Melican man. As soon as he recovered his senses he walked around the horse, lifted its head, and discovering that it was dead gave it a vicious kick, and exclaimed: "D—n him, away gone to helleo."

Clumsily Organized Families.

Our country swarms with a class of listless young men, the pets of clumsily organized families, the idols of insipid and ignorant mothers and the beau ideals of a "society" as brainless as oysters. The young man who never did anything, who does not know how to do anything, and who has for a season been absent from the scenes of industry and business, the march of commerce and the halls of finance, will soon be at his post of duty again, at his mother's apron-strings, the ball room, the sidewalk promenade and the gilded saloon. Every rich man's son, reared in idleness, indulged by thoughtless mothers and neglected by rapacious fathers, is a curse to the community in which he lives

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PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

THE next National Republican Convention will consist of 828 delegates. The number required to nominate is 415.

IN 1880 Ohio had the largest number of aspirants for the Presidency on both tickets. Next year Indiana promises to lead in this respect.

SENATOR MAHONE, of Virginia, has come out boldly and announced himself to be a Republican. There was nothing else for him to do, however.

GOVERNOR HENDRICKS considers Mr. Carlisle's election due to his views on the tariff, and believes the matter will in all probability be the leading issue in the coming campaign.

GEO. C. GORHAM, the rampant Salwart, has been defeated for Clerk of the United State Senate, and Anson G. McCook, one of the "fighting McCooks," chosen. Mr. McCook is an Ohio man living in New York.

EX SENATOR CHAFFEE, of Colorado, in an interview at Washington, said he thought that General Logan would be an available candidate for President, and would receive the cordial and earnest support of both Grant and Blaine, neither of whom desire the nomination.

IT APPEARS that the plan suggested by Mr. Blaine, of using the internal revenue to relieve the people of State and county taxes, was not original with him. Sam Clark, editor of the Keokuk Gate City, first advanced it in a speech he made at Salem, Iowa, in 1882, and he has been hammering away at it in his paper ever since.

THE grammatical constitution of our National motto, *E Pluribus Unum* is still in doubt. The President's message speaks throughout of the United States in the plural, and says, "they are." It has been criticised by some papers, which contend that the United States form one nation, and should be spoken of as a; to which others reply that the constitution uses the plural.

GEN. "BOB" TOOMBS, of Georgia, lives in a big two story frame house, in the hall of which a wagon load of hay could be driven. He is rich, having received for years a handsome income from his law practice. When he was young he bought large tracts of land in Texas, and it is said that he has cleared $100,000 on portions thereof that he has sold, while he still has enough to turn him in two or three times as much more.

A LIVELY colloquy occured between Mr. Butler and Mr. Ripley, counsel in the Sprague suits in Rhode Island, the former objected to a proceeding on the part of the latter. "If Governor Butler will but allow me," said Mr. Ripley. "I am Mr. Butler in court," replied the Governor. "I was not aware your term has expired," continued Mr. Ripley. "It's never began in Rhode Island," said Butler. "I am very glad of that," retorted Mr. Ripley.

THE New York Sun in discussing presidential possibilities for next year, says speaks of Arthur: "Arthur is a good man, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds or thereabouts. He came into the Presidency by a tragic accident, and he remains there to the satisfaction of people in general. Most of the faults of his administration are quite as much the faults of the Republican party as his own. It is not too much to say that he is the first President the country has had since the death of Abraham Lincoln."

GEORGE S. CLOUGH, a master builder of Worcester, Mass., has been held for trial on the charge of intimidating his employes at the late election He said to them on the Saturday before election: "If you colored fellows don't know any better than to vote for Butler and the Democrats I am tough with you." That is the difference between the Northern and Southern plan. This man is prosecuted for implied intimidation while at Copiah, Miss., a voter was killed outright, and the murder landed as a hero.

THE State Council of the Union of Veteran Democratic Legion of California has expressed itself with much formality in favor of the nomination of ex-Senator Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, for President as the only man for the present situation. The Council admitted that the declaration of a presidential choice prior to the meeting of the National Convention was contrary to sound party policy, but declared in the present "ominous outlook" was foreseen "a retrogression to monarchy, or a violent popular outbreak, attended with fire and bloodshed and dreadful anarchy, unless the Democratic party, true to its time-honored affiliations and affinities, seeks in the factories and workshops the untrammeled expression of the people's choice.

Lettor From Kansas.

WINFIELD, COWLEY CO., Dec. 13.—My last letterwas written at Neodesha soon after my arrival there. After visiting for two weeks I must say that they have the largest corn crop I have found in any country, and the Fall and Verdigras bottoms have the largest ears and the tallest stalks I have seen anywhere in my life. I measured several stalks and found some eight feet to the ear. Just such stalks as some of us saw at the Centennial. But after all I would not settle there. Why? say you. Since leaving there I have found I was mistaken in regard to prohibition; my opinion was premature. At Neodesha the churches were dead, many of the business men of the place are infidels, and hence the state of the temperance cause. Went to the Presbyterian Church there on Sabbath (the Methodist had no preaching that day) and by actual count, when preaching commenced there were 34 person, in all, present; this in a town as large as Newcomerstown. The minister told us the cause of the town not improving as it should, which was as above stated. But, thank the Lord, the Methodist Church has some good live temperance men in it—some of my own relations—Kimballs, Tanquerys and Powells; they were working and not discouraged in the temperance movement. And what a difference I have found here! The churches are all alive, prohibition a grand success, the town three or four times as large as it was seven years ago. It is thirteen years old, has five thousand and more of a population; four years ago had no railroad; now has two, a north and south and an east and west road. There is said to be seventy-two houses going up here now. I think that is a little high. They have two mills here which would do honor to any State. I visited one of them; it is built of magnesian lime stone, five stories high, ground by the roller process, has eighteen rollers; capacity of mill 500 barrels every twenty-four hours; average shipment therefrom, 400 barrels per day, all in sacks.

The churches are all alive. Mr. J. A. Walters (brother-in law) being Presbyterians, we went to their church on Sabbath morning; found a church equal to your Methodist Church; it was well filled with hearers; heard an able sermon. We went to the Methodist Sunday School; found a very large stone church, equal to the Presbyterian; it was crowded with scholars. By the way, Kansas is a good place for children. We went to the Baptist Church in the afternoon; found a very large stone church, the best in the town; it puts your church in the shade; they have a pool under the pulpit for immersing the members. The church was crowded full; they are in the midst of a revival. They have a minister who was a major in the rebel army. (A little cool.) On Sabbath evening we went to the Methodist Church, heard a splendid temperance lecture by a Mr. Anderson, of California. The house was well filled. When I knew there were a Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopalian, Christian, United Brethren and Catholic Churches all well filled with hearers, I was not surprised that prohibition was a success. On the day of the Ohio election there was prayer in each of the above houses, from nine to four o'clock, for the success of prohibition in Ohio. It was announced the Sabbath before by the ministry. Oh! brother and sister Prohibitionists, if we had known that, could we not have done a little more?

Now, friend Meek, from what I have seen and heard in Kansas since my first letter, I say prohibition is a success in Kansas.

They have water works here. They pump the water a mile, to a large stone reservoir on the top of a mound; it gives nearly 200 feet fall to the water. It is a success.

They haxe eighteen miles of stone (magnesian) sidewalk here. There are three feet wide, except on the main streets, where they are about eight feet wide. The stones are about six inches thick and from two to ten feet long, and mostly as wide as the walk.

I said the Kimballs and Powells had nearly two thousand acres on the Fall and Verdigras Rivers, which is the richest land I have seen, but would rather have it on Walnut or Timber Valleys or the Arkansas Valley. There are large crops of wheat and corn in Kansas everywhere. Wheat is 75 and corn 30 cents per bushel. Land in valleys and bottoms is high, so far as I have seen, from $25 to $50; on the high prairie, from $1.25 to $30 per acre. Health generally as good as in Ohio. You will say F. W. is excited. No, I still say anybody who is doing well and has a good farm in Ohio, stay where you are.

We will start for Texas Monday. Have patience with me in printing this letter. F. W. P.

The Problem of Polygamy.

Senator Cullom has introduced a bill to carry out the President's recommendations in regard to the Mormon question. It provides that the legislative powers of the Territory of Utah shall be vested in the Governor and a Legislative Council composed of nine members, to be appointed by the President. It may be worth while to try this experiment, but judging from the past it would be rash to put much confidence in it as a means of extirpating polygamy. The gravest difficulty about this evil is that it belongs in a category unforeseen and therefore unprovided for by the makers of the Constitution. And it is further to be noted that there is no precedent in history which can guide us. When it can be sought to change the practices of any people, where those practices wese founded in the prevailing religion, the only effective means have been fire and sword, and even those drastic instrumentalities have by no means always been successful. When Anglo-Saxon peoples have by conquest or concession came to rule over polygamous Asiatic races. they have found it advisable and even necessary to respect the customs of the country and to recognize their legitimacy. But there is no instruction for us in these cases, for our problem is not only novel but unique. Congress is required so to determine the administration of Utah as that its people shall enjoy the forms of republican government, and at the same time it is called upon to coerce the Mormons into abandoning a form of marriage which they regard as being enjoined upon them by Divine authority.

It is generally recognized that polygamy must go. That the establishment of a, virtually independent polygamous community cannot be permitted, but all plans so far adopted have proved inefficient. It is questionable whether conservative measures will succeed, and the efficiency of a commission is much doubted.

A Commission may have and exercise large powers, but the real question is, What kind of powers must be exercised to extirpate polygamy? Experience has shown that the Mormon women cannot be relied on to assist the Government at all. It would be singular if they acted otherwise, for so far the Government has offered them nothing but a worse fate than their present one. It has proposed in effect to disgrace and drive them out upon the world helpless. Naturally, they prefer even the fraction of a husband and a home to this prospect.

It is well enough, however, to test Mr. Cullom's bill, or some other, based on President Arthur's recommendation, but it seems most probable that in the end the United States will be compelled to adopt measures for the suppression of polygamy which may at first sight appear incompatible with the philosophy of American government.

The National Convention—The Candidates

Chicago "takes the cake." The Republicans with whom I have talked here—says our Washington correspondent—express themselves well satisfied with the designation of that enterprising town as the place for holding the next National convention. In making the selection the National committee had in view two considerations at least, one of which was the abundant facilities that Chicago has for accommodating the thousands of visitors who will be present at the convention, and the other, that Chicago always names the winning candidate. Much greater significance than this is attached to the action of the committee by many and there is some talk that the selection was the result of a combination between the friends of Blaine and Logan. However, I am pretty certain there was no prearranged understanding between these two. If their friends united as against the Administration forces, it was the result of natural causes—chief of which is that both are strong in the West.

Although nothing of this kind was said at the meeting of the committee, it was nevertheless understood that Senator Logan is to go into the convention this time and burn the bridges behind him. Mr. Frye's new rule of representation in the convention, which was defeated, would have given General Logan an admirable advantage over Mr. Arthur or any other candidate who is not distinctively a representative of the soldier element—an element which is not going to allow itself to be ignored in convention. Perhaps since the organization of the Republican party there has never been a time so near the meeting of its National convention when some one man of the party could not be designated as available enough to insure success at the polls. But now with the convention already called, there is no more idea, or formulation of ideas, between the most sagacious of the party leaders as to its probable candidate, than there is of forecasting the verdict of a petty jury.

A Sensational Homicide In San Francisco.

Last week Charles McLaughlin, a leading capitalist of San Francisco, was shot dead in his office by Jerome B. Cox, an old railroad contractor. The homicide grew out of prolonged litigation, which had extended over twenty years, in regard to the payment for building the railroad near San Jose. McLaughin paid for a portion of the work in instalments, but refused to settle for the remainder, on which Cox has spent all his money. Hence the suit, which had been decided three times in Cox's favor, and as often returned by the Supreme Court because of some small technicality. The last judgment, with interest, was for $370,000. When the Supreme Court reversed this and sent the case back to the lower court about a year ago, for the fourth time, Cox, half crazed by repeated disappointments, attempted to shoot Judge McKinsley, who had rendered the decision. All these years Cox has been living in poverty, his family of late depending upon relatives and friends for support. He tried recently to get a small public office; but failed. Then, on Thursday, he called at McLaughlin's office and demanded a portion of the money due him. When he was refused he shot down the capitalist. McLaughin made his money in the stage business and railroading, and was estimated to be worth about $4,000,000. The case is a fair example of the way law is tortured into injustice in that State by delays and cast-iron adherence to technicalities.

Democratic Reforms.

There will be no end to the reforms inaugurated by the present Democratic Congress, as there was no end to the reforms promised by the Democratic Congress six years ago. The trouble with Democratic reforms is that they are not of a kind that accomplish anything. Some of them promise to abolish outright the whole internal revenue system, root and branch, without furnishing anything to supply its place; while others propose to wipe out the entire National banking system, and in the same breath declare that the National debt to which alone the National banks owe their existence, is a National blessing. Nor do they propose any substitute for the National banks. They also propose a reform of the tariff, but whether such reform extends to a tariff for revenue only, a tariff for the protection of home industry, or as tariff that simply pays its own way, are questions upon which the party may be said to be all torn up. How they can effect a reconciliation among themselves upon these differences on broad National questions is past all finding out.

False Religious Teaching Illustrated.

Two negro murderers were hanged the other day. Both of them had been convicted of deliberate and cruel crimes. One had attempted a double murder. But when they came to the scaffold they were calm and confident. One of them assured the spectators that "the Lord had pardoned his sins and he was going to heaven." The other, who had killed a man for thirty cents, declared that he "was going straight to Jesus, and the new white robe and the golden slippers were awaiting him." And so the drop fell and they passed away. Now the negro is very ignorant as a rule, and very apt to get the sensational and sensuous idea of religion. But it seems open to question whether any moral purpose is served by teaching negro murderers that they can go with reeking hands to the reward of perfect virtue. The only possible lesson of these scaffold fantasies would seem to be, as concerns the class to which the criminals belonged, that it does not much matter what evil is done, inasmuch as it can all be condoned at the eleventh hour, and a passport to everlasting happiness be secured. We doubt if such a belief can have any deterrent influence.

O'Donnell the Negroes and the Irish

The Hewitt resolution urging the President to interfere in O'Donnell's behalf, on the ground that he is an American citizen, went through the Democratic House with a rush only a day or two ago; but a resolution couched in similar language asking for an investigation in the Danville riot was buried under a heap of objections almost before it was read through. If the Danville incident was all the fault of the Negroes as the Democrats have asserted from the first, why not authorize an investigation to make the case clearer than noonday? The Negroes who were killed at Danville were American citizens as well as O Donnell. Has the color of the vote to be influenced anything to do with the action of the House?

Barbarism in Canada.

If certain statements that have been published are true, there are employers of women in Canada whose brutality is deserving of governmental notice. It is said to be the common practice of some manufacturers to whip the women in their employ whenever, for any reason, they feel disposed to do so. A private letter has been published written by a lady to a friend in the States, in which the writer said that she herself had been whipped on the bare hips, and that whipping was a common practice. She said she had seen women given their choice of a discharge or a whipping, and that when the latter alternative was accepted their bodies would be bared, and the punishment administered as to a little child. Any man who would authorize the whipping of a woman for such reasons as any employer could have, deserves to be ostracized from association with civilized people. That the practice would be tolerated in any half civilized country would be surprising, but it is the more so that it should be permitted in enlightened Canada.

Germans and the American Hog.

Sentiment in favor of admitting American pork into the Empire seems to be increasing in Germany. According to the American Consul at Barmen, the Chamber of Commerce at that place has recently addressed a protest to the Imperial Government against the prohibition of the importation of our hog products. Many other commercial bodies, he says, are doing the same. The fear of retaliation by our Government undoubtedly has something to do with the efforts of dealers to get the embargo raised, and possibly the recent action of France in this matter has had a wholesome influence; at all events, the movement speaks well for the intelligence and good sense of the German people. The trouble is that Prince Bismarck is not in the habit of paying the slightest attention to protests or petitions.

Baker Pacha Protests

Baker Pacha is a brave general of much experience, and it is doubtful if a better man to conduct the war in the Soudan could be found. But one general, however brave, does not make an army, and naturally enough this commander protests against being expected to accomplish anything with 2,000 soldiers when four times that number would not be more than enough. Suakim is a safe base of upplies but it is a long march to Khartoum, which must be relieved or retaken if it is captured by the Mahdi. The route abounds in dangers. The few British officers who are to accompany Baker Pacha seem to think they are only sent forth into the desert to die. It looks like it.

A Democratic Riot

At New Orleans last Friday a primary Democratic election was held and opposing factions becoming excited a riot occurred.

Delegates were being elected to the convention to nominate a Democratic candidate for Governor. Excitement ran high, and finally the treatement generally reserved for Republicans was applied to Representatives of the Ogden faction. An objectionable man approached the pools, and when his vote was refused he was immediately thumped on the head, as a punishment for his highly improper conduct. A general fight ensued, and when the smoke of battle cleared away it was that, as in most political affrays in the South, the majority of the dead belonged to the minority.

Mr. Sullivan Will Try a Bull.

J. Lawrence Sullivan, the asthetic mauler from "Bosting," having knocked out everything in human form that has had the temerity to stand before him, now proposes to knock a bull down with his bare fist. The trial is to be made in New York and if he succeeds the society for prevention to cruelty to animals will have Mr. Sullivan arrested. The bull, however should be given a fair chance to defend itself, and if this is done we will wager our money on the bull. Mr. Sullivan would surely bite the dust.

THE death of the ruler of Anam is a stroke of ill fortune for the French, Hipehema was placed on the throne last July by the peace party of the Kingdom after a revolution which followed the death of the late Tuduc. Within three days after the bombardment of Hue, which occurred on August 18, M. Harmand was able to dictate a treaty of peace to the new ruler. This treaty made the French protectorate over Anam absolute. The Anamese troops which had been sent to Tonquin were recalled and the Kingdom fell under the direction of a French Resident Minister. Probably this will all be changed now, and France may be obliged to conquer Anam over again. The Chinese will be quick to give the present ruler all the help he wants to repel, or expel, the French invader.

NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES.

J. M. DAVIS has been arrested at Newark for passing counterfeit money.

FRANK SHEPHERD, a young man employed as a lineman on the B. & O. Railroad, committed suicide in Zanesville Sunday, by almost severing his head with a knife. He was blighted in love, which made him despondent.

AT BIRMINGHAM, Guernsey county, John McCleary, a prominent farmer, was acidentally shot by his son while the latter was taking an old revolver to pieces. The ball entered Mr. McCleary's abdomen and inflicted a very serious and perhaps fatal wound.

AT BELLAIRE, workmen, while digging up water pipe in the street, found a strong box, in which were a human skull and bones. The find created some excitement, and an inquest was about ordered, when examination showed no signs of flesh. The box had been buried within a few years, as it was over the pipe.

LEONARD KASER, who lives at Beck's Mills, Holmes county, and is 88 years old, walks to New Bedford, a distance of five miles, and returns the same day and thinks nothing of it. He cuts all the stove wood for a large family and does considerable other outdoor work, and in consequence thereof the Farmer thinks he is "good for one hundred years"

A VEIN of five feet No 1 bituminus coal has been found on the farm of Levi Uhl, three miles south of Millersburgh. The find is near the Holmes county mines. The recent developments have raised the coal fever high, and the grounds will be leased that are not already leased, and those holding leases can sell at a good figure. The developments are within a quarter of a mile of the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus railroad.

THE people in Muskingum county are finding the Scott law to be a good one when properly enforced, as the following from the Courier would indicated is being done: "Dr. Wm Frederick of Newtonville, was brought before Judge Ball last Monday for sentence. For keeping a place, the Doctor was sentenced to ten days in the county jail, pay a fine of $50 and the costs; for selling to a minor, three days in jail and costs, and stand committed until fine and costs, which will amount to about $150 in all, are paid. The Doctor was also ordered to close his saloon, and admonished that if he sold another drop of intoxicating liquor in the corporation of Newtonville, he will be held to be in contempt. Judge Ball stated in very emphatic terms, that a violation of this order would call for severe punishment.

MENTION was made in this column last week of the sudden death of Miss Mary Lennon, of Holmes county. There is a romantic termination of facts connected with her life and death that is worth recording. She was engaged to a young man named John Arnold, living only two or three miles from her home She requested to see her intended husband before she died, and a messenger was dispatched for him. The young man repaired in haste to the bedside of his intended wife, and although not being permitted to carry out the marriage contract entered into by them, and which was to have been consummated about the holidays, the young man placed upon the finger of the dying girl a wedding ring, at which she exclaimed: "I will carry that with me to my grave, and you will come soon, too!" The strange part of the story is that young Arnold died of the same disease just one week after the death of his sweetheart. Her words were strangely prophetic.

A DECISION was rendered in Wayn county last week by Judge Stilwell that is of more than ordinary interest. It has always been a question whether or not the county was responsible for Constables and Justices' costs in minor criminal cases where the State failed. Sometimes the Commissioners would pay, and again the succeeding Board would refuse payment. It was a troublesome question. A case arose in Wayne county, in which the Commissioners decided to pay the costs of a Constable named Brown, and the Prosecuting Attorney, to test the question, filed a petition and asked for an injunction to restrain the Auditor from issuing an order on the Treasurer for payment. The matter was decided by the Court after a careful examination of all the statutes on the subject from the first to the present, against the claim of the Constable, and the injunction was made perpetual.

THE New Philadelphia Advocate reads the Prosecuting Attorney, Mr. J. Foster Wilkins, a lesson that might with profit be headed by our own Albinus H. Stillwell. It appears that several indictments were made of smaller saloonists, and says the Advocate: "The people, especially the temperance people, say they can see neither justice, propriety or fair dealing in indicting a few obscure saloon-keepers without political influence, while the larger and more influential saloon-keepers in the larger towns are permitted to go unpunished. Neither do they see the justice of indicting a few country fellows for getting drunk, when scores of men stagger around the streets under the very eyes of the Prosecutor daily. These complaining people also declare that they can't see the propriety or justice of keeping a man in jail for six months when the Prosecutor hasn't sufficient evidence against him to even warrant the finding of an indictment by the Grand Jury. But then, you know, some people are always complaining."

THERE is a large pork factory on a bluff over-looking the river above Nashville, Tennessee, where the hogs are slaughtered. The livers and other more or less saleable portions are thrown into the river. Numerous colored families who live below the factory follow the profession of fishing these things out, and using them for food. There is a delightful uncertainty about the practice. The industrious darkey may secure as a prize a set of healthy "lights" not more than three days old; or he may have to rest satisfied with a few livers of an uncertain antiquity. "Ole Uncal Abe," a local darkey of some celebrity, said the other: "Dis is what I call a direc' provision ob de Lawd for winter meat foh de chillun ob Ham." Although the poor negroes universally vote this to be "boss chuck," most people will see in it only a fruitful source of disease and death.

THERE ought to be no question about the advisability of giving the President the power to veto one item in an appropriation bill while approving others. In his message last year he recommended such a change in the Constitution, and again renewed the recommendation this year. The last Congress failed to act upon the suggestion, although the necessary preliminary steps were taken in the previous Congress. Senator Morgan has introduced a resolution in the Senate on this subject, but his proposition contemplates confining this discrimmating veto power to the River and Harbor bill. There is no doubt that it could be made better use of in that bill than in any other. But if it is a good thing for the River and Habor bill it will be equally beneficial when applied to other appropriation bills.

VICTOR HUGO has been visited by a delegation of Mormons, who urged him to join their body and endeavored by appeals to his poetic sense to make a convert of him. Such, at least, is the story that is going the rounds of the German newspapers, which asserts further that the aged poet's visitors introduced two Mormon girls to him and gave him to unde stand that he might have them both as wives if he should conclude to become a follower of Brigham Young The French journals pronounce the latter part of the report a sheer invention, prompted by Teutonic malice; but they admit that Hugo gave audience to a Mormon deputation, and that he had an extended conversation with them.

BECAUSE his sister would not quit her place and attend school with him this winter, Thomas Irving, of Holland Patent, N. Y., drowned himself in a well. He left his hat on a pole where a neighbor would pass, and in the hat a slip of paper, on which was written, "It is all over now; it is all over now; the best friend I have on earth is Gracie." He was 21 years old.

IRRIGATION works in India, which are generally acknowledged to be the only permanent protection against the terrible and constantly recurring famines, appear from the official tables The only exception is Bengal, where the irriga tion of 372,865 acres at a cost of 12,250,000 rupees has yielded during the four years only a trifle over 1 10 per cent. The Punjab heads the list; the irrigation of 1,423,000 acres in that province yielding a return on the capital sunk of a fraction over 7 per cent. In Madras the return is over 6 per cent, and in Bombay over 3½.

Heavy Tax Payers.

The Astors are among the heaviest tax payers of New York City. In 1884 they paid $250,000, and this year they handed in a check for $460,000. Even this large amount does not represent their entire taxable wealth, inasmuch as they lease a great deal of property with the stipulation that the lessees shall pay the ground rent and other taxes. It is authoritatively reported that these reach at lease $100,000, so that a fair representation of the amount of taxes which the Astors' real estate contributes to the revenues would make it at least $500,000 per annum

AN OLD TORTURE CHAMBER.

Some of the Implements of Punishment Used in Olden Times.

To the right of the principal entrance to the burg or castle at Nuremburg there stands a pentagonal tower, part of the old fortifications. Interesting as is its external appearance, its contents are still more so; for on entering it by a low and small door we are surrounded by numerous and curious old woodcuts, illustrating or recording instances of almost every kind of torture and execution, and by a collection of the instruments by which some of the tortures were inflicted. Hanging against the wall is a great wooden board, split in the middle, with a hinge at one end and a place for a lock at the other. The board is about four feet long, with a hole at each end large enough for a person's neck; between these holes are four smaller ones large enough for his wrists. The instrument was for compulsory coupling together quarrelsome husbands and wives, who were thus paraded in public, the object of ridicule, if not worse, to all passers by.

Here, too, is another and a rougher punishment for a different class—the sturdy beggar or vagrant. It is a large iron cage, some five or six feet high, into which the offender was put, and then the cage and he were lowered into the river or moat and drawn up again—a process repeated as long as was thought necessary; a possibly effective enough remedy, for even now beggars are said to dislike cold water more than anything else. Much more horrible is a small table with a little bit of raised metal at one side. The metal work consists of three small upright pieces of metal, with jagged cross pieces between and a brass screw on top. Between these jagged pieces of metal the thumbs or fingers of the unfortunate victim were placed. A few turns of the screw sufficed to inflict the most intense pain, and then a handle attached to the table by a sort of a ratchet jarred the table and so inflicted additional suffering. Close beside this was another instrument of devilry, its name "the Spanish Donkey" probably showing its origin. It is an upright board, two or three inches thick, sharpened at the top to a sharp ridge. Astride of this the victim was placed, heavy weights were attached to each foot and then the sharp wood slowly cut into the flesh.

One might think that human ingenuity, or rather human devilry, could not go much further, but one would quickly be undeceived. Here is a sort of framework about seven feet long and some inches off the ground—bars of wood running diagonally, with gaps of a few inches between. On this the victim was stretched, and then there was a heavy wheel the size of a small cartwheel—with a sharp piece of metal some inches in length attached to it, which by some little skill was rolled on the victim so that the sharp edge just hit him on the portion of his limbs between the gaps in the framework, and so smashed any bone it came in contact with. Beginning with the ankle, this bonebreaking process could be repeated every few inches up the leg.

Change the scene and then comes a revelation enabling us to realize it all. Under the rathhaus at Regensburg (or Ratisbon, the name of which is better known) there are some subterranean dungeons and chambers in which the instruments were freely used. Descending a flight of steps, and guided by the light of a lantern held by an attendant, one finds oneself in a vaulted chamber. At one side of it there is a wooden trellis work, behind which sat unseen the judge or official who was to write down the sentences wrung from the victim by the torments to which he was subjected. Close to this trellis was the rack, or whatever other infernal implement of torture was deemed most likely to wring from the sufferer the needed confession or information; and close by stood a seat for the doctor, who was present to prevent the punishment too quickly ending the sufferer's life. Dragged from a dungeon into which neither light nor air ever entered, hauled before judges who knew not what mercy was here in the darkness, beyond the reach of all help, or even consolation, the wretched being was subjected to the most agonizing tortures, until he was finally done to death. *Pall Mall Budget.*

Queer Viands.

Although many whales have no teeth, the spermaceti whale, for example, has a most formidable set. With those it sometimes does terrible execution among the pursuing boats.

As may be supposed, such whales as have no teeth are properly provided for in some other way. Many of them subsist entirely upon the countless millions of jelly-fish, mollusks, and other kindred animals with which the ocean is plentifully stocked; and as they are soft and yielding, teeth are not needed either to capture or masticate them.

A net is what is needed, and this the toothless whales have. Depending from the upper jaw, which may be sixteen or seventeen feet long, is a hedge of baleen, or whale-bone, as it is commonly called. This is about ten feet long, and consists of a number of plates, solid at the upper end, but fraying out, fringe-like, at the lower end. There are about six hundred of these plates on each side of the jaw, and in a large whale their weight will be some two thousand pounds.

When the hungry giant wishes a meal, he opens wide his cavernous mouth, and letting his enormous lower lips drop down, drives through the water with all the force of his powerful tail. Millions upon millions of the tiny creatures upon which he feeds are thus taken into the gaping mouth which, when full, shuts tight.

The plates of baleen close down on the lower jaw and the prey is secure. A large volume of water has been taken in, too, however, and this must be gotten rid of some way. The way is simple. The whale merely forces the water out through the interstices in the baleen, and the hapless fish remain to be swallowed at leisure down the throat, which is often not more than two inches in diameter.

Occasionally this habit of the whale produces a very curious and beautiful effect. Many of the soft, jelly-like creatures in which the ocean abounds shine at night with a bright, phosphorescent light; and the water, too, dashed into spray by the vigorous sweep of the monster's tail, becomes charged with the same phosphorescent glow, and lights up the sea like drops of molten silver.

Under such circumstances, when the dark giant surges through the waves with distended maw, he seems a monstrous submarine fire-eater swallowing lumps of flame and defying the wet element with showers of flaming drops, which he leaves behind him in a weird, shining wake. *From "A Submarine Fire-eater," by John R. Coryell in the Christmas St. Nicholas.*

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Whisky in Bond.

The whisky lobby is in Washington in force, with a determination that is desperate, to secure a law authorizing the extension of the bonded period. They are equipped with endless sums of money and tongues that are of like length. They are prepared to be persuasive in ways that are dark and in manner that is beguiling. Congress has not yet got down to business. When it finally does, it will be after the holiday adjournment, and then it will be weeks before a bill can be passed, if it passes at all. The time for the payment of the tax approaches, and these whisky kings are fearful lest they will be compelled to disgorge the money due the Government before they can bribe or persuade Congress to come to their relief; hence a committee of their henchmen, who are members of Congress, are to wait upon Secretary Folger and ask him to defer the collection of the tax until the question is decided in Congress whether or not the time will be extended. It is a plain question, however, and Secretary Folger, if he defers the collection, will be plainly violating the law and doing that for which he should be promptly impeached and removed from office.

No good reason can be assigned why favor should be extended to these whisky nabobs. Twice before in recent years have they been so favored, and again they come clamoring for relief.

When the whisky now on hand was manufactured there was not a distiller in the country but was perfectly familiar with the law, and knew that the tax would have to be paid if the law remained as it is. But they went on, knowing this. Thousands upon thousands of gallons were manufactured upon the expectation that Congress, yielding to their demands, would come to their relief. Congress may do so but they should not. There is no more reason why the whisky men should be made the objects of special favor at the hands of Congress than the iron men, the woolen goods men, the farmers, or any other branch of manufacturing or industrial pursuits. The iron market is now glutted. There is no demand for the manufactured articles, and as a result mills are shutting down. Overproduction it is called. Why shouldn't Congress come to the relief of these mills and the thousands of operators that are thrown out of employment at the beginning of winter. Yet, if such a thing were proposed the people of the Nation would put forth a mighty and voluminous protest. So they should against the whisky bill.

The power of the whisky rings of the country is so great that public men—politicians of both parties—fear them and bow the knee at their behests. But the people should exert themselves and make it odious for any public servant, no matter what his prominence, to countenance or favor in any degree the demands of this band of death dealing manufacturers.

Let the tax be paid.

O'Donnell Done For.

Patrick O'Donnell, the murderer of Carey, the informer, was hanged Monday morning last, according to sentence imposed at the time of conviction, and no sensible person can doubt that he met his just deserts, and that the law was implicitly obeyed.

The very senseless interference of the United States Government, in response to the rantings of a few hot-headed naturalized dynamiters, was courteously received by the English Government, but firmly rejected, and the United States Government is thereby made ridiculous, to say the least. The only reason on which an interference on the part of the United States could be based, was the alleged fact that O'Donnell was an adopted American citizen, but if he was, and committed the crime of murder while on British possessions, he was a proper subject for trial in a British court and punishment according to British laws; and he received it.

A WHITE girl at Castino, Maine, married a mulatto and lived with him two years before she discovered that he had negro blood in his veins. Now she is applying for a divorce.

Will Mr. Bargar Represent His Constituents?

The people of Coshocton county should keep their eye upon Representative Bargar after the Legislature convenes. Force of circumstances has put him in position where the eyes of the whole State are upon him, and therefore the people are more than ever interested in his public acts. Through the manœuvres of John McLean and his gang of tricksters, Mr. Bargar was made Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, and the dissatisfaction in the Republican ranks, because of the temperance question, together with too much Fosterism, placed the political chess board in such position that an automaton in political ability could have won the game; but the victory of the Democracy having been so signal because of the circumstances herein enumerated, Mr. Bargar as Chairman has been looked upon as the virtual victor, and of course the people are interested in his movements. But Mr. Bargar is a scheming and designing politician and as such, is anxious to consult the wishes of the dear people. Twice have the people of this county chosen him for their Representative in the Legislature, and on various occasions have they expressed confidence in his ability and integrity when he has asked office at their hands. That they will be called upon in the future to again decide upon his merits, there can be no doubt in the minds of the observers of public men in general, and Mr. Bargar in particular.

Having such an undying interest in the welfare of the dear people, the course of Mr. Bargar during the next Legislative session will be entertaining.

At the recent election, in which Mr. Bargar was invested with the power and credit of representing this county in the Legislature, and that by an increased majority, the same people said by a majority of nearly 400, that they desired constitutional prohibition. They did not get what they wanted, but we take it for granted, that not having received constitutional prohibition, they are opposed to the present laws, regulating the liquor traffic, being meddled with, except to make them more stringent. Under no circumstances do they desire that they be repealed or modified in their restrictive and penal intentions.

The brewers and whisky men, saloonists and guzzlers of the State, having allied themselves with Mr. Bargar's Committee during the last campaign to effect the election of the Democratic State ticket and a Democratic Legislature, will make strenuous efforts to have all restrictive legislation repealed, and the State give sanction to free whisky. Mr. Bargar, consulting his private wishes, we doubt not, would comply with the demand of his allies in the political battle; but behind him there stands a majority of his immediate constituents who decided in favor of prohibition, and it remains to be seen whether he consults their wishes or the wishes of the brewers. It is a problem in which we are all interested and will await the result with much curiosity.

Congress.

The week in Congress has been an exceedingly dull one. But little business has been transacted, and that of minor importance. In the Senate the new officers chosen by the Republican caucus were elected and sworn in. They are: Secretary, Anson G. McCook, of New York; Chief Clerk, Chas. W. Johnson, of Minnesota; Executive Clerk, Jas. R. Young, of Pennsylvania; Chaplain, Rev. Elias DeWitt, of the District of Columbia; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. P. Canaday, of North Carolina.

Monday Representative Haskill, of Kansas, died. He was one of the most able and intelligent members of that body, and was regarded as a leader of his party—the Republican. The House, out of respect, adjourned until Saturday.

Speaker Carlisle is still at work upon the Committees, and it is probable they will be announced when the House meets Saturday.

The Slate.

Allen O'Myers writes to the Enquirer:

This is about the way the slate will read: Speaker, G. H. Bargar, of Coshocton; Speaker pro tem., Casper Loewenstein, of Franklin; Clerk, David S. Fisher, of Hardin; Chairman of the Judiciary, A. D. Marsh, of Union; Chairman of Municipal Corporations, Thomas Cogan, of Cincinnati; Chairman of Finance, L. A. Brunner, of Wyandot; Chairman of Printing, Beatty, of Toledo; Chairman of Insurance, Henry Bohl, of Washington. I am not in the combination, but I patiently and serenely submit to the powers that be, over the earth, and on the earth, and under the earth—especially under the earth.

JOHN B. ALDEN, of 18 Vesey street, New York City, is a benefactor. He has done and is doing more for the American people than any other one man in the Nation. In another column is an announcement of some new books he proposes to publish, providing there is a demand for them, and that he will at once commence the good work there is not the least doubt, because there are many times ten thousand people who love good books and are only too glad to secure them when their means will admit of the expenditure. None are so poor, who want books, but can now be supplied. A catalogue of Mr. Alden's at hand gives some prices on standard works that are astonishing. For instance, in history you can buy Hume's History of England, in six volumes, for $6; Macauley's, in three volumes, for $1.50; Green's, in five volumes, for $1.75; Gibbon's Rome, in two volumes, for $1.75—all large type and substantial binding.

In religious literature you can get Geikes' "Life of Christ" for 60 cents; Josephus'o $1.40; and many others at like rates. You can get the best works in Science, in Biography, in History, in Religious literature, in Fiction, in Poetry, in fact all the standard works of all ages and of all branches of literature, in good substantial binding, large, clear type, at prices that are astonishing. If you want good books—and who does not—you can now get them. We have in our possession a number of volume from this house, and in every instance have found them to be first class in print and binding. We do not get pay for this notice, and Mr. Alden does not know that it is to appear, but we are so pleased at the character of the work he is doing that we feel it a duty to lay it before the thousands who reads THE AGE.

THE State Journal of a recent date thus speaks of Mr. Bargar:

Captain Gilbert H. Bargar was Chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee during the campaign of 1883; he was elected to the Legislature from Coshocton county. "Pickaway" says he will be the Speaker of the next House of Representatives. Argal; Captain Bargar is therefore a great man, and it is not to be wondered at that there is a good deal of quiet talk in favor of making him United States senator in a certain contingency. We find no allusion to this matter in the columns of the Times, but as that paper has been dealing largely in mysterious utterances lately, its silence caybe simply a part of the deep laid scheme.

The Times is Johngee Thompson's paper.

A Harrison County Snake Story.

Joseph Browning of Deersville Harison County hearing his wife screaming down in the cow-yard the other evening, rushed to her assistance and found her fighting a huge copperhead snake. She was tramping the ground at a fearful rate, and Mr. Browning found another big copperhead near her and he pursued it to kill it. It entered a hole in the ground. Mr. Browning at once procured shovels and began to dig for the reptile. He was soon rewarded for his labors, for he found a regular den of the serpents, and he had his hands full for quite a while killing them. He finally succeeded in annihilating the entire nest of copperheads and on counting them he found there was 105 of the slimy reptiles lying dead around him. In addition Mr. Browning destroyed some of next year's crop of copperheads, for he captured in the den 36 eggs.

THE DUDE.

BY GERALDINE, WEST LAFAYETTE.

See the dashing, flashing dude;
Jolly dude.
What a world of thoughtfulness is in that attitude.
See him grinning, grinning, grinning,
As he walks along the street.
All the pretty maidens chinning;
While, without a thought of sinning,
How he *murders*—his poor feet,
In a pair of No fives,
Which he knows is quite unwise,
He must keep his reputation—make the five his feet include,
(He's a dude, dude, dude, dude,
Dude, dude, dude;)
When the No. eights would give his foot the proper latitude.
Now he takes an attitude;
Mashing dude.
While his style and situation, much increase his magnitude.
And his musical ha, ha,
Rhyming with his sweet ta, ta,
Makes him think he's won the hearts,
Of the girls,
But such *little* Cupid darts
Only serves to make them giggle at his arts,
'Neath their curls.
At the balls he's never rude
But what efforts he does make then, to seem shrewd.
He'll elude
Sense. But who'd
Think that such things would intrude
They'r not in the latitude,
Of the dashing and the flashing
Jolly dude.
Of the dude, dude dude dude
Dude, dude, dude,
Of the daisy—willing dunce—beguiling dude.
Nev er, nevermore allude,
To the dude.
Let him quietly depart to the shade of solitude.
Let him gently, gently, gently,
Pass into the sweet "gone by"
And no one will watch intently
For the form that lounged contently,
Looking 'fly.'
But there's no need of alarm,
For the 'thing' can do no harm;
He makes us sport and for that, he should win our gratitude.
Should the dude, dude, dude, dude,
Dude, dude, dude,
And we will not in the future to his foolishness allude.

THAT RAILROAD AGAIN.

Shall We Have the Mt. Vernon, Coshocton & Wheeling Railroad?

And With it the Sandusky, Ashland and Coshocton Road?

WARSAW, Dec. 17.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AGE.—I know of no question at this time, or for many years past, that so vitally interests the people of Coshocton, and the Walhonding Valley.

Before discussing its merits, let us, in the briefest possible manner, review the history of railroads in this county, and the various attempts to secure sundry roads.

First was the Steubenville and Indiana Road (the present Pan Handle) so long ago that those remembering anything about are now being classed old men. The charter of this road was from Steubenville to Coshocton, and up the Walhonding Valley. The survey was made on that line to Mt. Vernon; but the good people up the Walhonding Valley manifested such displeasure and so abused the surveying party, that the projectors considered it unsafe to construct a road through a country so intensely hostile to their enterprise. Of course the company did the correct thing. Newark and Dresden wanted the road—the Walhonding Valley did not. The company went where they were wanted; thus the Walhonding Valley and Mt. Vernon missed getting the great Pan Handle Railroad.

Second, Col. Perkin's road, from Cleveland to Millersburg, thence down the Kilbuck Valley to Warsaw, and up the Simons Run to the summit, between the Walhonding and the Muskingum Valleys to Dresden.

Well, Mr. Perkens got his road completed to Millersburg. He visited Warsaw and the Simon's Run, made the survey, called the Broadhead survey; but whilst he did not meet the storm of abuse that the Steubenville and Indiana folks did, he could not get a dollar of aid from the people along the line in Coshocton county. The result was, Col. Perkens failed, his road stopped at Millersburg, he wrecked a fine fortune, and we failed to get the road. Many years after, the late R. C. Hurd and others, backed by the Pennsylvania Road, picked up Col. Perken's enterprise at Millersburg and carried the road by way of Mt. Vernon to Columbus, over those immense Huckleberry hills, in place of the Kilbuck Valley, down to the Walhonding Valley.

Again the lack of enterprise on our part lost us a railroad.

We have failed to mention the Owl Creek Valley Railroad. It was simply taking up the old Steubenville and Indiana enterprise. Mr. Baker made the survey, mapped the road on paper, but that was as far as it was ever built. The same old hostility to railroads drove the Owl Creek Valley to the wall. Then came the lamented Judge Hurd, with his enterprise, backed by the Pennsylvania Railroad company. Being backed by this great railroad corporation, he was able to promise our folks a railroad for the trifling sum of sixty thousand dollars, between Millersburg and Dresden. Well, after a protracted effort, our folks relinquished their former tactics, and quit fighting railroads, raised the sixty thousand dollars, and everything bid fare to give us a railroad. But the panic came; then the death of that great and good man, R. C. Hurd, followed by the death of Thompson and Col. Thomas Scott. Then litigations, costs; receivers, etc. Thus that enterprise has after being nearly finished to the coal fields of Bedford township, lain dormant for over ten years.

Now, there is one point that is worthy of note in all these enterprises: Not a dollar was spent by any Coshocton county man. Subscriptions were not due until the road was completed, therefore remains in the hands of the subscribers.

This brings us up to the present enterprise—the Mt. Vernon, Coshocton & Wheeling. These men are not strangers to us. They are substantial business men of Knox and Coshocton counties. They have a common interest with the rest of us, no more and no less, unless, indeed, they own more or less property to be benefited by the railroad. Now, these men, our neighbors and fellow-citizens, have, under a law passed many years ago, secured the Walhonding canal. They have given a bond to the State to secure the two millmen, one at Warsaw, the other at Walhonding. Now, there can, I think, be no doubt as to the title to the canal.

One of the prominent attorneys of Coshocton said to the undersigned that he had fully examined the subject, and he assured me that the State had a title in fee simple to every foot of land held by them along the Walhonding canal. As much so, he added, as any man has to his farm. Now the State has transferred that title to the Railroad company. The Board of Public Works had for their authority 1st, special act of the Legislature, and 2d, a petition signed by a very large majority of the people of the Walhonding Valley. This, I take it, settles the canal for boating purpose, for all time to come. Now the directors of the Wheeling, Coshocton & Mt. Vernon Road have spent in cash between two and three thousand dollars in surveys locating their road, negotiating with the Board of Public Works, etc.

For that expenditure they have the Walhonding canal with all its fixtures. They want to build a railroad on the canal, and will certainly do so, if the people along the line will aid them to an amount that will float their bonds for enough money to build the road. I know there is quite a difference of opinion in reference to just what course should have been pursued by certain of our county officials; but, that has nothing to do with the discussion of the subject at present. The same may be said of the Board of Public Works.

As to whether they should have repared the canal early in the spring and left our folks the canal at least as good as before the great flood. Some of us think that might have been done at the same expense; but why stand now grumbling about what officials might, could, or should have done? What has been done is of the past, and nothing we can now do will undo it. As intelligent men let us look at the future, and provide for the next crop. Because we have been compelled to haul our wheat 10, 15, or 20 miles, this year is no reason why we should always do so. The president and Directors of the Mt. V., C. & W. say they will surely put the road under contract in the early spring if we aid them enough so they can sell their bonds, and if we do not they can not. It is a plain proposition: No pay, no road. With the history of the past before us what say our folks? I know what some will say: They always say 'no!' to paying out a dollar that would interest anyone else but themselves. Every community has such, and will always have them. They are not the men that make a community prosperous or happy; they are not the men that dot the county over with school houses and churches; but the men that freeze to every nickle they get, and get all they can. They reap while others sow, and will stand idle whilst their neighbors work up an enterprise that makes them thousands of dollars whilst they refuse to contribute a dollar. Now, these are not the ones to pattern after. Mt. Vernon, Millersburg, Newark and other cities on every side of us are now reaping the reward of their looking ahead many years ago, and securing the various enterprises that Coshocton county refused. Shall we repeat the blunders of our fathers? What say you? What will the consequence be if we don't make it possible for the Mt. Vernon, Coshocton, and Wheeling people to build their road? The subscription paper now being signed at Mt. Vernon is not for any special line. The Indiana folks are working up their end of the road It will come to Mt. Vernon without doubt. From there it will go to Bladensburg. They have the survey made to that place giving them a fine line. They have, I understand, raised about forty thousand dollars aid. From Bladensburg it will go down the Tomica to Dresden, and through Muskingum county to Wheeling, Virginia. The Walhonding canal in time will be plowed in. The stone in the locks and culverts will be sold by its present owners. The two acres at each lock together with all the rest of the land will be sold to the farmers through whose land the canal runs, or to others. The proceeds will pay for the two mills, and leave enough to reimburse the Directors for the money they have so freely expended in trying to get a railroad, and if they should have a few thousand left they could divide that, and thus leave the Walhonding Valley abandoned for all future time. No other company will ever be so foolhardy as to risk money on this route, if the present company with its 26 miles of canal, its immense water power, iron, coal, cannel coal, world without end. Building stone, etc., etc. If they fail, the child is not born that will live long enough to see a railroad up the Walhonding Valley.

These are my own views. I am not authorized to speak for anybody or company, but I may add that I feel very sure if the Mt. Vernon, Coshocton & Wheeling fails, it will also be the death knell of the Sandusky, Ashland & Coshocton road. That company I know never contemplated having to build their road further than the village of Walhonding. If they have got to work up other right of ways and build without aid down the valley, good-bye Sandusky road.

Yours respectfully,

P. METHAM.

Was it in Answer to Prayer?

The Pittsburgh Dispatch relates this:

Harrison Damon, a rich man of Hinkley, Medina county, O., died suddenly of apoplexy without telling where his money was concealed. A memorandum book among his papers showed that he had hidden away $48,500 somewhere. Mrs. Damon was impressed with the idea that if she prayed with faith her efforts to find the hidden wealth would be rewarded. Last Tuesday Mrs. Damon began to pray, keeping it up all day and night. When she arose from her knees Wednesday morning she was impressed with the idea that she would find some money at least in the vicinity of the bee hives, near the house, and a visit was made to that place. In the excitement one of the hives was knocked awry on its stand disclosing the fact that all over the top of the stand under the hive was laid a quantity of greenbacks. The other hives were moved and a similar quantity found under them in all $15,000. The next day one of Mrs. Damon's sons dropped a bunch of keys through the floor of the barn, and a plank had to be lifted to recover the keys. What was the surprise of the young man to draw out a half gallon fruit jar filled to to the top with twenty dollar gold pieces. Further investigation led to the discovery of a half dozen of these jars, all filled with gold and on the side opposite to where the jars were taken out, a two bushel bag half filled with silver. The total sum thus recovered was $23,000. There is yet missing from the amount the memorandum book showed $10,500.

BROADBRIM'S NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.

There is very little doubt but every man would be rich if he could. I know I would, but I question if it is a wise thing for a rich man to keep constantly flaunting his riches in the face of the poor. The owner of a hundred millions of dollars is not expected to live on bean soup and pretzels—nobody expects a great deal of self denial from a man with forty millions of registered bonds, with railroads and telegraphs, and real estate and other collaterals which make up the sum of quite a respectable fortune—still, making all allowances for a nature naturally coarse and brutal, for a defective education, and the evil effects of the surroundings of his early life, something better might be expected of a man who has had the experience of sixty years in this world—an experience checkered by defeat and misfortune, and the remembrance too, that whatever of success he has had in life, he is indebted to himself nothing, but everything to the dead boatman whose dishonored memory he, to save a few paltry thousands, made a shuttlecock in our law courts and a crimson scandal to the community at large. Of course, you have read all about the great ball which was given here on Tuesday last. New York is cursed with a lot of newspaper flunkies who would sell themselves and their papers for an invitation to any shoddy concern where they get free drinks and a gorge; but, to the honor of the press of New York be it also remembered, that there are journalists here whom no cajolery can win to unmerited praise and no personal slight can provoke to scurrilous invective or undeserved abuse. Mr. Vanderbilt has come to the same conclusion of Mr. Gould—that all things are to be purchased by money—and yet, on the outside of that splendid mansion on Tuesday night could be heard low murmers from the hungry and curious crowd that crowded the sidewalks, which it would have been well for the railroad king to heed. The bill for flowers alone was over three thousand dollars. No floral display ever seen in New York ever approached it in magnificence, the favors for the german was costly and unique, and the feast exhausted the ingenuity of the most skillful cooks in the city. Two thousand invitations were issued, and one thousand accepted the invitation. Artists and men of letters were conspicuous by their absence, but stock brokers, mining sharps, and the owners of fast horses—gentlemen whose noblest aspiration is to be a driver of a Tally-Ho, and ladies whose highest ambition it is to ride beside them—were thick as autumn leaves. Faces familiar to the turf for the past twenty years were uncommonly numerous, and dexterous gentlemen, profound in seven-up and poker, met you at every turn. There was a large number of respectable people there also—some clergymen who are never absent when there is a good feed in prospect, some bankers with plethoric purses, and stout old merchants with well-filled money bags, gave the affair a flavor. There was quite a sprinkling of the old blue blood and a real live lord and his lady. This gave the thing tone, though the lady sprung from a race of American kings, while the lord is only a third-rater in his own country. Exclusive of the dresses prepared for the occasion, the amount expended could not have been less than twenty thousand dollars. This sum was lavishly wasted on a lot of people who had good homes of their own, who were abundantly able to pay for all they got, who were well fed and well clad, and who wanted nothing. Twenty dollars each to a thousand employees on the Central road would have been a godsend and a blessing this wintry time; but Mr. Vanderbilt never thought of that. This ostentatious display of his wealth, while it may have gratified his vanity and that of the toadies about him; with the mass of the people it has but intensified the dislike and detestation which seems to concentre on his family name, and which, if the rude forces now held in partial check should ever break loose, would make him wish that a millstone had been tied about his neck and that he had been drowned in the sea.

The concentration of wealth in a few hands is becoming more and more manifest every day. The new Produce Exchange, opposite the Bowling Green, is the most magnificent building in the United States. It is only a few years ago since the Exchange occupied its former quarters on Whitehall street. It then looked like a very grand affair—now it would scarcely serve as an outhouse for the present establishment. No many years ago a million of dollars was looked upon as a very large sum, now they put up buildings costing three or four millions, and seem to think nothing about it.

Early this week a man died here in abject wretchedness, an outcast and a tramp, who a few years ago was a welcome guest in the most fashionable houses in the town. He was the son of a German Baron, and the heir to a vast estate, but some scandalous conduct abroad, compelled him to fly from his native land, his father giving him $100,000. His rank and fortune procured him entry into our best society, where his conduct gave such offence, that he was banished from every house. He ran through his fortune, and deserted by those who had known him, became a ragged outcast and tramp, he might be seen any day wandering through the streets, picking stray bits of food from ash barrels. The love of drink clung to him to the last, and on Tuesday he was found dead in the street.

Oakey Hall is going abroad, and it is now some years since I had the honor of writing him a somewhat unflattering obituary. Mr. Hall was the Mayor of the city of New York in the days of the Tweed ring, and winked at the robbery of the ring thieves, if he did not share in the plunder. In a single morning he signed away three million dollars of the city's money to Garvey, Ingersoll and other villains who were engaged in plundering the city. On the 12th of July, when the Catholic rioters attempted to drive the Orangemen from the streets, and the riot cost a number of lives, Hall sided with the rioters and nearly plunged the city in anarchy. When Tweed, Connolly & Sweeney fled. Hall held the fort for a time, when one morning the city was startled with the intelligence that Oakey Hall had disappeared, no one knew how or where he went. Everything in his law office remained exactly as he left it the night before. Nothing in his house was disturbed, he had not taken a change of clothes, nor anything that looked like flight. Everyone thought that driven to desperation by the ruin of his friends, he had jumped from a ferryboat into the river. Weeks passed by and an enterprising newspaper reporter discovered him in obscure lodgings in London. After a time he returned to New York, but Oakey Hall was a changed man. In the days of his power and pride he took the greatest delight in exhibiting himself, and no public gathering or distinguished dinner was perfect without him. Since his return he has avoided observation as much as possible, and abandoning his law practice, has devoted himself to journalism, being engaged as a writer on the New York World. The guild of newspaper scribes all felt kindly to him so that his name was seldom seen in print. He goes abroad as correspondent for the World, and there is no doubt of his success, as he is one of the most brilliant and witty writers on the New York press. Few men have seen greater changes than he. In a short two years he descended from imperial wealth to almost squalid poverty, and from imperial power to the estate of an outcast and a fugitive from justice. He now goes abroad at the age of sixty to commence, as it were, his life anew. As he looks back upon the past with its wasted opportunities, its ruined ambitions, and its withered hopes, let us hope that the future will not be all a blank for Oakey Hall. Besides being a scholar, an artist and a poet, he is a generous and kindly man. On Thursday night a number of friends, who had known him in his more prosperous days gave him a parting dinner; the company was not large, but select with more brains among the forty or fifty who sat down to the table, than could be found among the the thousand guests at the Vanderbilt ball on Tuesday. Wine flowed and wit flashed, and for a few hours at least, it looked like the return of the golden past. The company gave him a parting God speed, and he is now on his way to Europe.

Mrs. Christiancy, the divorced wife Senator Christiancy, died in Brooklyn on Thursday night, a raving maniac. It only seems like the other day that I saw her in Washington, on the day of her marriage, young, lovely, and envied by the two thousand female treasury clerks, whose companionship she left to become the wife of a Senator of the United States. The bright hopes of that brilliant day are dust and ashes now, and after all the terrible scandals of the past few years, the broken heart is now at rest

Yours Truly,

BROADBRIM.

LETTER FROM COLUMBUS

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Dec. 17, '83.

Your correspondent having just returned from a very pleasant visit among relatives at Coshocton makes all due haste to present his weekly budget of news to the readers of THE AGE. It would be a delightful task to recount the pleasant visit paid to very cordial friends, and to tell of our pleasant impression of your little city, within the compass of this letter, if space allowed. Suffice it that we think it one of "the garden spots of the world" and one of the most promising withal. Since our former visit, in the early spring of the present year, we notice some decided improvements in Coshocton. The Connotton Valley Railroad has been finished, the Masonic Block has been built and would be an honor to any city, the reported discovery of gas adds another item to the balance sheet and on the whole, the city puts on an air of progress that bids fair for a bright future.

AFFAIRS IN THE CAPITAL CITY.

The coming of the snow, a fore-taste of winter, perhaps adds a brighter aspect to the picture. Just now our city is enlivened by the jingle of sleigh-bells, but how long the snow will last it is hard to tell,—"the Lord only knows." We found Coshocton "all torn up" over the peculiar conduct of John Biggs. Captain Bargar, who is in the city, got a requisition Saturday from Governor Foster to the Governor of Indiana for Biggs who was caught at Logansport. The Sheriff of Coshocton county then left for Logansport.

Captain Bargar is still in the city, presumably working up his chances as Speaker of the House: he stands as good a show as Henry Bohl, of Marietta, who is supporting Pendleton. Bargar is supporting Payne, and it is about "nip and tuck" between Payne and Pendleton with the chances perhaps in favor of Payne. In that event Bargar stands a good chance of "getting there" to use a current colloquialism.

There is still that unpleasant lack of harmony here that has marked the progress of the campaign. The defeated candidates who were left at the primary elections have sought to take summary vengeance on Allen O'Myers and others but as they have the inside track Myers and his ilk are not to be scared. Myers has but recently returned from the East, and on being approached by a Knight of the Quill with the question, "Well, have you been arrested yet?" replied, "Arrested, what for?" "For those frauds committed at the primaries" "Oh, no, I have not, much to my disappointment, and I fear I won't be" "Why so?" "Because the very men who run yelling 'stop thief' in my absence are the thieves themselves. Bill Elliott, John Qualey, Matt Martin, Jim Poston et al, are nice people to squeal about fraud. They may make a fuss on paper about the primaries, but they don't want any investigation because it will show up their villainies at the election. You will notice that the men who are assailing me since the election are men who have been in workhouses and county jails, or who ought to be there now. During the campaign I patiently submitted to the lying, but nothing can be accomplished now by such malicious stories." Before departing our young Representative said that in view of the dastardly work that was done against him, he now wonders that he ever got the nomination for the Legislature, and that he was ever elected after being nominated. We give this interview to show your readers what manner of man has been called upon to represent the free and enlightened people of this county in the State Legislative halls. "Heaven grant the mark." You shall hear more of him anon in this correspondence as you have in the past. It is this arch-patriot that threatened to "turn the State House into a lime-kiln in two weeks," but he will be found cremated in the debris

Several of the Republican members of the Legislature are urging that a complimentary vote for United States Senator be cast for Judge Foraker. In view of the fact that he made such an active canvass and that he is perhaps as pure a patriot and politician as Ohio holds within her borders, this complimentary vote should be made unanimous.

A confidential friend of Hoadley says that a gentleman who has not applied for the position of Adjutant-General will be the lucky one and that Joseph Laughlin, of Sidney, is to be he. Assistant. We mentioned in last week's letter that Ballentine of the Democratic State Executive Committee stood a chance for Adjutant-General. But Hoadley is a "silent Greek," and it is hard to tell what he has determined upon. There are thousands of hungry Democrats standing with open mouths waiting for this "Statue of Memnon" to become vocal. Hoadley is the man who had a No. 26 mouth during the campaign and it was necessary to put a padlock on it and give "Gil" Bargar the key. But it now appears that the key is lost and the "Guy'nor" will not have his mouth opened until January by which time the time-lock will open. "Gil" Bargar has evidently given up all hopes of getting a "posish" on the Gubernatorial staff, judging by the way he is putting his best foot forward to get the Speakership. And we should not wonder if he would get it. He is backed by Payne. Payne is backed by the Standard Oil Company, one of the richest and most aggressive monopolies in the United States. The Standard Oil Company is backed by Sammy Tilden, one of the richest and most influential politicians in the country, a man who has his finger in every underhand Democratic scheme started. Bargar knows on which side his bread is buttered. He always did. He is emphatically a schemer. He promised the other candidates to keep out of the way for the Speakership and he is not doing it. It is very evident that there is some doubt whether any of those who have been named meet the approval of the would-be party boss. He wants the whole cake himself. Well, if he wants the position of ring-master of the Democratic circus in the House of Representatives this winter he stands a good chance to get it, and he perhaps deserves it as much as any of the trick mules. Allen O. Myers has already applied for the position of clown and he will fill it to satisfaction provided some of the animals do not get loose and chew him up, or the trick mules, Brunner et al, do not kick him to death.

SOME NOTES ON NATIONAL POLITICS.

It is very evident that the tail will wag the dog in the coming Presidential campaign. In other words the Democratic party of the South will control the Democratic party of the North. There will be a Solid South It will be very solid. It will be so solid that it will be hard to make an impression on it—not even a dent—unless it is a rabid Democratic President. Some red-hot Democratic organs are claiming that nothing will satisfy the Solid South until the elective franchise is taken away from the negro; and it would seem from the late outrages in the South that a reign of terrorism will be inaugurated unless some such end is accomplished. To reach that end they will adopt any tactics and to meet such tactics a military President is needed. The fiddle-faddle talk about Arthur being his own successor is about played out. They call him "a business President;" but "red-tape" will not cure such evils. The next President will be a stalwart, who will it be? From present indications it is not hard to tell. The other wing of the party has no timber to offer except Arthur, Logan, and Lincoln, but they are not good Presidential timber. On the other side, Grant, Blaine, and Conkling have formed a tripartite alliance, have patched up a peace between themselves and are determined that one of them shall be President and the others are to support the lucky man. "So mought it be." We shall soon see which way the cat jumps; but we think Grant will be the man. FARRAND.

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LACQUER WARE

Description of the Lacquer Process, by a Japanese.

The lacquer ware, or Japan ware, as it is sometimes called in America or Europe, claims and takes the first place among our art industries.

In Japan the finest pieces of lacquer are are valued and admired more than any other works of art.

The art of lacquering is distinctly Japanese in its origin, and is already more than 1,200 years old. The pieces made in those olden times are still extant in the country.

The raw lacquer, chiefly the *Seshime nushi*, is used for priming, with an addition of burnt clay dust, or fine charcoal powder, so as to produce a coating of the utmost hardness. The prepared lacquer, after having been strained, is slightly transparent when applied in thin layers, and possesses a color similar to that of shellac; this transparency is occasionally increased by a small addition of drying-oil, which, by more hardening, produces a sufficient glossiness of the surface, whereas the raw lacquer has to be polished. For coloring, the lacquer is mixed with cinnabar or piment, red oxide of iron or Prussian blue, etc.

The black lacquer is prepared in the following manner: It is effected without any additions of solid particles, such as lampblack or similar substances, but merely by stirring the crude lacquer for a day or two in the open air, whereupon it assumes a very dark-brown color. Towards the end of the operation a small quantity of water, which has been kept standing a few days, mingled with iron filings or a gall nut infusion darkened by the addition of iron, is added, and the whole stirred again until part of the water has evaporated; then the lacquer acquires proper consistence and color. The addition of this water is said to give the highest brilliancy and blackness of lacquer. Sometimes the colored lacquer is used when the final coating is required to be of a transparent nature. Either the unmixed, strained lacquer, or that peculiar kind of lacquer which has been thinned by an addition of oil, is used.

The mixing of lacquer with hardening or coloring powder is generally effected by the lacquerer himself on a wooden board with a wooden spatula just before using it. Finally, the thick mixture is carefully strained through a piece of paper called yoshinogami. Should the lacquer become too stiff for use, some drops of camphor are crushed and roughly mixed with the lacquer by a spatula, and then it becomes more liquid.

The primary coatings are put on with a mixture of raw lacquer and fine clay powder, and afterwards the powder, when hardened they are rubbed with a grindstone to smooth and polish the surface. The next two or three layers are done with inferior kinds of the black or colored lacquer, according to the color to be produced. The lacquer is applied in the first place with a wooden spatula and afterwards with a very stiff flat brush, so as to clothe and spread the lacquer equally. The surface is then ground with water and charcoal, of which latter two kinds are used, the one coarse and the other fine and soft. As a peculiarity, it may be stated that the finally lacquered objects are placed in large wooden boxes; the inside of which has been sprinkled or washed with water, so that the process of hardening takes place in a dark and damp atmosphere.

The black lacquer, when finished, is carefully rubbed with a ball slightly moistened in the Seshime lacquer, and each piece carefully polished with powder of deer horn. The gold-sprinkled lacquer, called *Nashiji* (literally pear-surface), is produced by sifting a certain amount of gold leaf cut into small pieces on to a fresh coating of *Seshime* lacquer. When hardened, the surface is smoothed and then coated with a choice quality of lacquer, called *Nashiji urushi*, which is prepared by carefully straining and mixing it with a small quantity of gamboge. The lacquer, when applied in thick layers, is opaque, and only becomes transparent in thin layers; so that by grinding the final coating with the charcoal, the gold sprinkles underneath can be made more or less visible according to the taste of the artist.

The relief paintings are done with a mixture of red oxide of iron and lacquer, upon which fine charcoal powder is brought to bear before the lacquer is hardened. This again is coated with lacquer and colcothar, the operation being repeated until the required effect of works have been produced.

The metallic powders, viz., gold, silver, bronze, etc., are applied to the last coating whilst the lacquer is still in a viscous condition, so that the powders being, so to say, soaked into the fresh lacquer, a thick layer, chiefly composed of metal, is produced. After the lacquer has become hard the artist removes the surplus of the powders, and either polishes the painting or simply rubs it over, according to the result desired. It is an art which admits almost of as many different methods of producing a certain effect, as that of oil painting.

By mixing a sort of paste made of rice powder or the white of eggs with the lacquer, he can thicken it to such an extent as to give it a kind of plastic-like consistency, admitting the possibility of making impressions which remain visible after hardening. This is done, for instance, with the so-called Tsugaru lacquer, which presents a marbled appearance, with red, brown and green veins. The last coating is done in black lacquer, which is mingled with the white of eggs; and by tamping with a ball of cotton, or some similar operation, the surface is made to present a mass of irregular depressions and elevations, which remain after hardening. The latter are partially ground down, and a second coating of a different color is applied and similarly treated. After finishing finished the coating with various colored lacquers, the surface is ground until all the successive layers appear again in veins of different colors. It would take too long, and would even be impossible, to describe all the devices made use of by Japanese artists for their finest specimens of lacquer.

The finest lacquer is made in Kioto, Yedo and Osaka, the cheaper articles are mostly manufactured in the interior, for instance in the Provinces of Aidsu, Echizen, Wakasa, etc.

When Shunkei ware is made, the surface is first prepared with a primary coating of glue alum so as to fill up all the pores, and is then polished and sometimes painted with gamboge or flower, together with the sap of unripe persimmons, which gives it a darker appearance. Afterwards the coating of varnish is applied with a stiff brush, and as a certain percentage of alum has been mixed with the lacquer, it requires no polishing, but acquires the efficiancy by more hardening.—*Boston Transcript.*

Inventions and Inventors.

The beginning of inventions is very remote. The first idea, born within some unknown brain, passes thence into others, and at last comes forth complete after a parturition, it may be, of centuries. One starts the idea, another develops it, and so on progressively, until at last it is elaborated and worked out in practice; but the first not less than the last is entitled to his share in the merit of the invention were it only possible to measure and apportion it duly. Sometimes a great original mind strikes upon some new vein of hidden power, and gives a powerful impulse to the inventive faculties of man which lasts through generations. More frequently, however, inventions are not entirely new, but modifications of contrivances previously known, though to a few, and not yet brought into practical use. Glancing back over the history of mechanism, we occasionally see an invention seemingly full born, when suddenly it it drops out of sight, and we hear no more of it for centuries. It is then taken up *de novo* by some inventor stimulated by the needs of his time, and falling again upon the track, he recovers the old foot marks, follows them up, and completes the work.

There is also such a thing as inventions being born before their time, the advanced mind of the generation projecting that which cannot be executed for want of the requisite means; but in due process of time, when mechanism has got abreast of the original idea, it is at length carried out, and thus it is modern inventors are enabled to effect many objects which their predecessors had tried in vain to accomplish. As Louis Napoleon has said, "Inventions born before their time must remain useless until the level of common intellects rises to comprehend them." For this reason, misfortune is often the lot of the inventor before his time, though glory and profit may belong to his successors. Hence the gift of inventing not unfrequently involves a yoke of sorrow. Many of the greatest inventors have lived neglected, and died unrequited, before their merits could be recognized and estimated. Even if they succeed, they raise up hosts of enemies in the persons whose methods they propose to supersede. Envy, malice, and detractions meet them in all their forms; they are assailed by combinations of rich and unscrupulous persons to wrest from them the profits of their ingenuity; and last and worst of all the successful inventor often finds his claims to originality decried, and himself branded as a copyist and a pirate.

Among the inventions born out of time, and before the world could make adequate use of them, we can only find space to allude to a few, though they are so many that one is not disposed to accept the words of Chaucer as true, that "There is nothing new but has once been old;" or, as another writer puts it, "There is nothing new but what before has been known and forgotten;" or, in the words of Solomon, "The thing that hath been is that which shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun." One of the most important of these is the use of steam, which was well known to the ancients; but though it was used to grind drugs, to turn spit, and to excite the wonder and fear of the credulous, a long time elapsed before it became employed as a useful motive power. The inquiries and experiments on the subject extended through many ages.

Friar Bacon, who flourished in the thirteenth century, seems fully to have anticipated, in the following remarkable passage, nearly all that steam could accomplish, as well as the hydraulic engine and the diving bell, though the flying machine yet remains to be invented: "I will now," says the friar, "mention some of the wonderful works of art and nature in which there is nothing of magic, and which magic could not perform. Instruments may be made by which the largest ships, with only one man guiding them will be carried with greater velocity than if they were full of sailors. Chariots may be constructed that will move with incredible rapidity without the help of animals. Instruments of flying may be formed in which a man sitting at his ease and meditating on any subject may beat the air with artificial wings after the manner of birds. A small instrument may be made to raise and depress the greatest weights. An instrument may be fabricated by which one man may draw a thousand men to him by force and against their will, as also machines which will enable men to walk at the bottom of the seas or rivers without danger."—*Aldebaran in the American Artisan.*

Mankind's Mistakes.

It is a mistake to labor when you are not in fit condition to do so.

To think that the more a person eats the healthier and stronger he will become.

To go to bed at midnight and rise at day-break, and imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To imagine that if a little work or exercise is good, violent or prolonged exercise is better.

To conclude that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To eat as if you only had a minute to finish the meal in, or to eat without appetite, or continue after it has been satisfied, merely to satisfy the taste.

To believe that children can do as much as grown people, and that the more hours they study the more they can learn.

To imagine that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better—as alcoholic stimulants—is good for the system without regard to after efforts.

To take off proper clothing out of season because you have become heated.

To think that any nostrum or patent medicine is a specific for all diseases flesh is heir to.

Queen Victoria's Proposal.

Mrs. Oliphant writes, in the November *Century*: "There was a story current at the time, that at a state ball, very near the period of their betrothal, the young lady gave her princely suitor a rose, which he without a button-hole in his close-fitting uniform, slit the breast of his coat to find a place for, and this was a token to all the court of the final determination of the great event,—her Majesty, as it is pleasant to hear, having shown herself a little coy and disposed to put off the explanation, as happy girls are wont to do. No more perfect marriage has ever been recorded; the Queen herself attributes the formation of her character to it, and all that is most excellent in her life."

A young Mormon preacher lately discoursed in the Salt Lake Tabernacle on the subject of "My Forefathers." It would have been more interesting had he taken for his topic "My Four Mothers."

Slate Making in Pennsylvania.

The Chapmansville quarries, in Northampton county, were opened in 1850, the first one being worked on a small scale in 1864. Here are located, states the eastern correspondent of the New York *Sun*, the Chapman and New York Slate Manufacturing Company, the Fischer Slate Company, and the Edelman Quarry. The quarry of the Chapman company is a hole over 1,000 feet long, 300 feet wide, and 225 feet deep. It is called a flat rock quarry—the split of the slate inclining to the south at an angle of about ten degrees. The removal of the top is an item of considerable expense, varying with the location. When the top has been taken away a natural joint in the slate is sought, and if not readily found a hole is drilled and a blast made. The slate is split into blocks which are hoisted by means of derricks to the surface, when they are landed on trucks and moved along a track to the shanties where they are split.

"The splitter, with his mallet and broad steel chisels, sits on a block, and, taking a slab of slate between his legs, drives in his chisel a little way at one end. He moves it a little with a firm, gentle pressure, and you can see the split begin to start as straight as a die. He repeats the operation at the other end. Then he drives his chisel in the middle and easily pries the slab in halves. The split pieces are split and split again until they are of the required thickness. As fast as they are split a man who stands by the splitter takes the slates and runs them through the dressing machine. This is a cast iron form set on five legs, with a steel extension piece or arm about four feet long. Suspended over this is a steel knife which is attached to a spiral steel spring and worked by the foot of the dresser. A gauge board guides his eye and he puts his slate against it, presses his foot on the treadle, and down comes the knife, cutting the edge clean and straight. He makes the four edges straight, and lays the slate in piles according to size. Just as fast as his foot can work, a good dresser keeps his machine going. The splitter and dresser work together, and are paid according to the quantity they turn out."

Diamond saws having a reciprocating motion and making 140 stroke per minute are also used. They cut only one way, being lifted by a cam for the return stroke. A constant stream of water clears the teeth of slate dust. The planers are similar to those used for planing iron, the polishing bed being of cast iron, 14 feet in diameter, and making thirty revolutions per minute.

A curious feature about the place is that the factory, engine house, smokestack, and many of the houses are built of slate blocks. There is a great demand for all kinds of labor in the whole region. Ordinary day laborers earn from $1 to $1.35 per day, and often more, according to the exigencies of the occasion. Carpenters earn $2.25 to $3.25. Bricklayers find work, but most new buildings are frame. Machinists are sought after daily, and make good terms, because practical men to work at the opening of new quarries and the erection of machinery are scarce. Slaters (splitters and dressers) earn from $2.50 to $4 and $4.50 per day by the piece. Quarrymen can always find employment.

How Mosaic Work Is Made.

One of the very few industries of Rome is the manufacture of mosaics, the largest establishment being under the control of the church, and employed almost entirely in the adornment of churches and religious establishments. The process of making a picture in mosaic is very slow and requires the highest order of skill. To begin with, mosaic is made of glass, and its value consists in its being indestructible. The workmen in great pictures have to have something over 27,000 shades of colored glass to produce the tints requisite, as in a mosaic every color is necessary the same as in an oil painting. To make a picture the process is this: A plate of metal of required size is surrounded by a raised margin an inch in height. A mastic cement of powdered stone, lime and linseed oil is spread over the bottom of the plate and that covered with plaster of Paris to the level of the rim. Upon this the picture to be made is very carefully drawn, and the mechanic's work commences. He takes a piece of glass of the exact tint necessary and fits it to its place, grinding it to get the shape. Then he goes on, one piece at a time, till the picture is finished, then the face is ground down to a smoothness, and the picture is set in its place.

Some of the greatest pictures of ancient and modern times are in mosaic, the tints, with all the delicate shades, being as carefully reproduced as in oil, and the effect being even greater. The ceilings of many of the great churches are entirely of mosaic, as well as many of the great altar pieces and other decorations. As they are utterly indestructible and never lose their color, they are very much prized. A picture in mosaic costs, but then it is eternal, barring fire and earthquakes.

All over Rome are shops devoted to the manufacture of mosaic table tops, box covers etc., the workman toiling all his life on one subject. The man who commences on St. Peter's, on table tops, or the Colliseum, never does any other subject, and he becomes so skillful in this one subject that he is enabled to make them not only well, but very cheaply. He has only the tints to manage that enter into the one picture, and he places them mechanically and very rapidly.

Why They Refused Him.

Captain Nuglin had company and sent his little boy to the butcher's for a roast. The boy came back without the meat, and, appearing in the drawing-room where the company was seated, said:

"Pap, the butcher wouldn't let me have the meat."

"Ah," replied Mr. Nuglin, not knowing what to say, "probably, my son, he did not know you."

"Yes he did, and that is the reason he wouldn't let me have it. I went to the other place, but the fellow told me to get out. You'll have to send the money, pap, or they won't let you have it.—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

"Good morning, sir. I've got a very nice map of Kentucky I'd like to have you look at." "Vell, I look at him." "I had better go in the house and show it to you." "I tinks you better outside schtay; you got more room dere." "Well, now you see on this side is a map of Kentucky, while on this side (turning it around to him) is a map of the United States." "Och, I don'd puy me no sich map like dose." "Why? What's your objection to it?" "Vhy, it don'd vas gorrect." "And why isn't it correct?" "Don'd you got some no sense? Don'd you know dot Gentucky vas in der United Schtates und not on der odder side fon it?"—*Kentucky State Journal.*

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HER PUNISHM

Hasn't the lawyer come yet, Lola?" inquired a feverish voice. "It must be hours since I sent for him."

"It is only just thirty minutes by the clock, dear uncle, since John started to fetch him."

The sick man groaned, and moved uneasily upon his pillow. Perfect silence reigned as the ormolu clock ticked away fifteen minutes more within that darkened, richly furnished apartment where old Martin Dillon lay, stricken down with his last sickness. The furniture was of the costliest, the carpet a thick pile of velvet moss. The windows were darkened by the heavy crimson brocade curtains, drawn closely together. The old man's niece sat by one window, her white face bedded in the rich curtains, which she had pushed aside just enough to enable her to see out, her brain busy with the projected visit of her uncle's lawyer. She wondered if it portended evil to her if her uncle thought to revoke a former will which she knew was all in her favor. Had his heart softened toward her cousin Jessie, who had married two years before and gone south with her husband, heartlessly deserting him in his old age, as the old man peevishly declared? And although sweet Jessie Carleton had been brought up as his daughter, and with expectations of becoming his heiress, the old man had, in his unjust anger, made a will leaving all to her cousin, Lola Desmond, who had only been with him a few months. Lola felt slightly consoled for losing the man she loved, who had preferred Jessie, when she learned that her uncle's vast wealth was to be hers. What if this too were going to be lost to her now? Her face grew dark at the thought. Her meditations were interrupted by a tap at the door, and rising she admitted a little, wizen-faced man, sharp and shrewd, who had been her uncle's lawyer for years.

The sick man's face brightened as Biggs came to the bedside with soft, cat-like tread, and bent over him. His eyes roved toward his niece.

"Lola, you may go, now, and leave us alone. I have important business with Biggs. He will call you as he goes down," said the old man, feebly.

Lola arose and left the room. She went down stairs, but immediately tiptoed back again, and stooped, in a listening attitude, at the door of the sick-chamber.

She could hear very little distinctly, but that was enough to cause her to clench her hands in anger and despair, and she crept away, fearing she should be discovered, and feeling that she had heard all she cared to hear, when her uncle told the lawyer he wanted to change his will.

Like a caged tigress, Lola swept up and down her room. Why, oh, why were some to have everything, and others nothing? Jessie had robbed her of her lover, and now she would have her uncle's wealth, while she must go forth again to earn her own bread. Bitterly at that moment she hated her absent cousin; she almost felt there was murder in her heart toward her. Ah, if she might but have *that* courage, everything would yet be hers, perhaps even the love of Clarence; and then the girl grew cold, and shuddered, at her own dark thoughts.

"O Heaven!" she murmured. "Is my brain turning, that I can think of such terrible things?"

Then again grew strong upon her a desire to hear of what those two were talking, and stealing back she listened at the key-hole.

"Biggs," she heard the old man say, "put the will under my head between the mattress and bed. It will be as safe there as anywhere."

Lola heard this, and knew that Biggs was about to depart, so tip-toed back again.

A moment later she heard him call, "Miss Desmond! Miss Desmond!" and she hastened to her uncle's side.

"This business has tired me, Lola," he said feebly. "I feel as if I could drop asleep very easily. Sit yonder, child, and remain with me. Don't leave me as she did. You have been a good girl to me the past two years."

And he had rewarded her by turning her penniless upon the world again, thought Lola, bitterly, as she glided to a chair by one of the windows and gazed out upon the chill March weather, with gusts of wind and fitful dashes of rain against the window pane. How cold and dreary and desolate everything was, thought Lola, quite in keeping with her own sad thoughts.

A fire had been burning upon the broad hearth, and it was getting low. Lola arose to replenish it, when she saw that her uncle was asleep—with the paper that robbed her of his wealth under his pillow.

"What am I thinking about?" she muttered, turning to the fire; but she hesitated and turned back again; then stepped forward, then, closing her lips together with a set, determined look, moved stealthily toward the bed, thrust her hand beneath the mattress, clutched the paper and drew it forth. She must not stop a moment, no, not long enough to examine it, for fear she might lack courage or opportunity to carry out her purpose. Steadily she walked to the fire, threw the paper upon the coals and saw it shrivel into ashes.

The deed was done, and she had only to await the issue, she thought, her conscience already at work, as she took her seat again by the window. She could only trust to the old man thinking the will was safe until—until his death.

Two hours passed slowly to the solitary watcher in the sick-chamber; then the old man awakened, and feebly called her to his side. Lola bent over him.

"What is it, uncle?"

"Lola, I feel such a strange sinking, I—think I must be dying," he muttered, in a voice scarcely audible. "Child, you have been kind to me—you have stayed by me, and did not desert me as she did. It was only a little while—she might have stayed with me to the last. Bend closer, Lola, while I tell you. Once my heart softened, and I made my will in her favor; but it is all right now. You have all there is. Biggs was in time. It is all right."

Flashes of heat and cold went over the young girl as she listened to his strange talk. She thought of the will now burned to ashes that would have given her an unquestionable right to her uncle's wealth—and she with her own hand had blasted her prospects while seeking to wrong another.

With parched lips she asked hoarsely,—

"Uncle, did you make a will after—after the one you made when I came?"

"Yes, yes, Lola; but it's all right now. I have made another, giving all to you again."

"What became of the other will, uncle—the one in Jessie's favor?" she asked in a strained voice, trying not to show her trembling eagerness.

"Biggs kept it—said I might want to burn this one and change back again; I never shall. I could not if I would; for, Lola, I am dying."

A shiver ran over the young girl as she saw that he was indeed dying, and all was lost. A groan escaped her pale lips.

A wild look came into the old man's eyes, and he began to jabber incoherently. He talked of Jessie—again she was a little girl, and beside him; then he would reproach her for leaving him in his old age. Lola had begun to think that she must summon somebody when a glaze came over his eyes, then they slowly closed, and with a slight shudder all was over.

Like one in a dream, Lola went to call the servants. One thought was uppermost in her mind—the destroyed will. Oh, if she had only looked at it before she committed it to the flames! But it was too late now for vain regrets. She had only one hope; perhaps the old man was wandering in his mind from the first in what he had said.

When Biggs was summoned, Lola saw him search beneath the bed for the will; but he said nothing when he found it missing. He did not for one moment doubt but the old man had caused it to be destroyed, as he, Biggs, had supposed he would when he had time to think it over.

The funeral of old Martin Dillon was over, and with terrible suspense Lola waited for the reading of the will. Her worst fears were realized. Jessie was mentioned as sole heiress. Generous-hearted Jessie offered to divide with her, but Lola, not naturally depraved, began to see that her punishment was only just, and refused even the offer of a home, which her cousin insisted she should accept from her hands.

Lola Desmond went out into the cold world alone, and bravely fought the battle for bread. Purified by suffering, her life grew full of noble works and when, a few years later, Jessie's husband, two years a widower, sought her out, and asked her to come to him and comfort his lonely life, she thanked her Heavenly Father that he had forgiven her sin, and at last granted her peace and happiness.

A Procession of Sun-Spots.

Everybody who watched the sun with a telescope last summer must have wondered at the great belt of spots lying across the southern part of the disk during the last half of July. Several of the spots and groups were of extraordinary size, and their arrangement was very singular. When the belt extended completely across the sun, there was visible at one time almost every characteristic form that sun-spots present. There was the yawning black chasm with sharply defined yet ragged edges, vast enough to swallow up the whole earth, with room to spare, and surrounded by a regular penumbral border as evenly shaded as an artist could have made it; there was the double or triple spot whose black centers, though widely separated from one another, were tangled, as it were, in one twisted and torn veil of penumbra, or connected by long, shadowy bands; there was the monstrous spot of grotesque form surrounded by a crowd of smaller spots of even more fantastic shape, and enveloped in a broad, irregular penumbra as *bizarre* and wonderful as the mighty sun-chasms inclosed in it; there was the great spot, often of singular outline, accompanied outside its shadowy borders by one or more swarms of minute black specks pitting the white photosphere in the most extraordinary fashion; there was the huge group, visible even to the unassisted eye, and consisting of half a dozen or more large spots intermingled with smaller ones whose number seemed to defy counting, and enveloped in a penumbral cloak of becoming amplitude; there, near the edges of the disk, were the crinkling lines and heaped-up masses of faculæ, the mountainous, hydrogen-flames which marked the places where the intensest solar action was going on—in short, there was a panorama in which every variety of sun-spot seemed to be passing in a gigantic procession across the disk. And what a procession it was!—long enough, nearly to reach from the earth to the moon and back again three times!—*Garrett P. Serviss, in Popular Science Monthly for Dec.*

Something New.

A pair of embroidered, fancy looking suspenders hung in front of a Michigan avenue store, yesterday, and a young farmer stopped to examine them.

"Something new?" he asked as the proprietor came out.

"Shust oud, mine friendt. Dose ish batent suspenders."

"Are you the sole agent?"

"I vhas. Dot batent came oudt about two vheeks ago, und my brudder in New York sends me a shob lot yesterday. You can't pay 'em no blace else."

"They don't look very strong."

"What? If you can preak dose suspenders py shumping over nine fences I gif you ten hairs."

"I wonder how they'll wear?"

"Shoost like iron. Here ish a pair of dot batens," he replied as he unbuttoned his vest, "dot I haf worn ofer two y'ars."

The farmer was gone before the dealer saw where he had made the slip and then he looked after him and mused:

"I guess I let der batent part alone und go in heafy on der embroidery peesness."—*Denver Tribune.*

It Depends.

Mr. A.—"What a charming genre picture that is."

Mrs. A.—"Yes; I love these domestic scenes, and what I particularly admire in this one is the artist's management of the light and shade."

Mr. A.—"That struck me, too, and I could not help thinking what a beautiful lesson the picture teaches young married couples."

Mrs. A.—"Indeed! In what way?"

Mr. A.—"Well, you see, everything depends upon the management of light and shade. The full rays may be let on the present, but it is often just as well to keep the past a little shady."

The value of the willow crop of Wyoming county, N. Y. is estimated at $120,000. The heaviest crops are found in the towns of Perry, Gainsville and Warsaw, and the willows are shipped to Syracuse, Buffalo and New York to German basket makers, where they command from $4 to $24 per ton. Before 1879 the willows had to be stripped of their bark where they were grown, which was accomplished by standing the bunches in running water. Since 1879 buyers take them bark and all and strip the stalk by steam power, which makes more profit for the producer.

A San Francisco paper, describing the eight millionaires of that city, speaks of the living as generally misers, rascals, or fools, and of the dead as having few of them gone with the poor to heaven, but as having rather "gone to meet Dives, where the climate is oppressive and the water is scarce."

A GARLAND OF 1883.

BY LILLIAN.

The following poem is rather unique, as it was one year in being composed. The first verse was written in January, the second in February, and so on through out the year, each verse corresponding with the month in which it was written.

Ring, ring, ye merry bells!
What joy your music tells;
Altho' the dear Old Year is slowly dying;
Above his couch of snow,
The night winds come and go,
While sadly with a dirge like cadence sighing.

With joyous, smiling face,
The New Year comes apace,
Bedecking rock and tree with glittering treasure,
While o'er the frozen tide,
The mirthful skaters glide,
With ringing laugh of glee and youthful pleasure.

Like messengers of Spring,
The birds return and sing;
And tho' the dreary snow is slowly falling,
It fails to check the note
Poured out from tiny throat,
As cheerily each bird his mate is calling.

Dread Winter takes his flight,
The days grow warm and bright,
On shrub and tree the tender buds are swelling;
Foretold by Robins' call,
The shining raindrops fall
Until the sun bursts forth, the clouds dispelling.

Clothed in refreshing green,
Old Mother Earth is seen;
The trees already throw their dusky shadows
Where bubbling streamlets meet,
Mid mosses cool and sweet,
To rush away rejoicing thro' the meadows.

Across the hazy sky,
Pale, dreamy cloudlets fly
And promise rain for wood and thirsty meadow.
The lily holding up
Her dainty, perfumed cup,
Seems ever grateful for their cooling shadow.

With jest and song of cheer,
The reapers now appear
To gather all the golden harvest waving.
The brooklet flows along,
In measure with their song,
While cool and faded mosses kindly laving.

Thro' out the golden days,
There hangs a mellow haze
Above the glassy current of the river.
Beneath the shell'ring leaves,
The plaintiff cricket grieves
For Summer's joys will soon be gone forever.

Above the distant hills,
And o'er the twinkling rills,
A softened light of azure tint is lying.
The partridge drums at morn,
Amid the ripened corn,
Where dreamily the crimson leaves are flying

The golden sunlight falls
Upon the garden walls,
Where hangs the luscious grapes to purple turning;
The leaves all brown and sear,
Are floating far and near
Lit by the autumn sunlight redly burning.

The birds of summer fly
Across the leaden sky
And hasten Southward ere the snows are falling;
The rooks upon the bough,
Quite drear and leafless now,
The plaintive notes of woe are hoarsely calling

O'er blighted wood and vale
Low sighs the winter gale;
The trees like sentinels their watch are keeping
Above the shrouded bier
Whereon another year
In Death's embrace so chill is calmly sleeping.

New Castle, O., Dec. 10, 1883.

COUNTRY STYLE.

BY D. I. L., AGED FOURTEEN.

'Tis evening's calm and peaceful hour,
Over all, shadows softly creep,
Inactive every smelly flower
Does bow its head in sleep;
Immense great bugs an' stingin' bees
Dream lightly on their sins,
Eagerly neath the blankets, playful fleas
Torment and tickle peoples' shins.
Industrious me, and dear pardner sit,
Enthroned like two great rocks,
Carelessly he grabs round my waist—
Nods, while I darn his socks;
Oh! What blissful feelin's squirm
Confoundin' in my breast;
Dear Joseph's heart for me beats warm
'Neath his faded home made vest,
And while in sweet content I sit
Removed from care and sorrow free,
And dreams to bygone days now flit
In times when Joe was courtin' me.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Lovingly Joe grab's me round the neck;
Yieldin', my hand he does imprison,
Knowin' his heart will surely break,
Nestlin', I promise to be his'n.
Ah! Then I hear my dady shout,
—Right near and through the bars—
"Chat! What air you two about?"
Mildly Joe says: "we're playin' cars."
And now I cut, and send, and run
Down through the hens and chickens
Around the poultry flow like fun,
Me scroochin' like the dickens.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"Aha! What d'ye say?" I rub my head
Knocked crazy by the shock!
"Eh gal," says Joe, "I'm off to bed,
Early? It's almost ten o'clock."
My fallip' sock I quickly catch—
Finishin' all my stitches,
Joy melts the tears that smear the patch
I then put on Joe's Sunday breeches.

West Lafayette Dec. 10, 1883.

SOUTHERN TERRORISM.

A Pen Picture From a Southern Sufferer.

Reference was made some few weeks ago to the killing of a man named Matthews at Copiah, Miss., for having voted after the "leading Democrats" had warned him not to do so, the reason assigned being that Matthews was an Independent and opposed to the Bourbons. Mrs. Matthews the wife of the murdered man has furnished the following statement, and it tells in forcible manner, the condition of affairs political in that State. She says:

Six weeks before the election Mr. Burnett, Independent chairman, was shot down by a Democrat. He was carried to our house to be nursed, where he lingered until two days before the election, when threats of further violence forced him to leave. A week before the election bands of armed men commenced night-riding, and whipping and murdering negroes, and driving them from their homes. One excellent old man, who was 70 years old, and who had harmed no one was called out of his house at midnight and shot to death, and his wife seriously wounded. His only crime was that he had expressed a preference for the anti-Bourbon ticket. Several others were killed in a similar manner.

By Saturday before the election the reign of terror had become so great that Dr. Bartow and others brought to Hazelhurst a petition directed to the Sheriff, and signed by sixty white men, asking for protection or orders to protect themselves, and they made affidavit for the arrest of the rioters. But no attention was paid to the demand. On the same day my husband received through the mail a letter signed by authority of the Democratic Club threatening his life, and later in the day, a reliable person came to my husband and informed him that he had overheard a conversation between Sheriff Hargraves, Mead, the chairman of the Democratic Committee, and others, in which it was proposed to deputize him to go out and arrest the rioters, some of them remarking that it would be a good way of "having him killed." Saturday night we kept lights burning all night, expecting the effort to assassinate, and you can well imagine the terrible suspense. On Sunday armed bodies of men were riding through the streets as on Saturday. On Monday the excitement had increased.

Congressman Barksdale was to speak to the mob on the day and again in the evening, and he did make two speeches. Five hundred men with guns were in line. My husband was at home with a sick daughter, and the mob threatened to go the house after him. Our family physician went to them and informed them of the critical condition of our daughter, and pleaded with them not to go the house, but late in the afternoon about a hundred of them, with Chairman Mead at their head, rode up near our house, and sent John McLemore with a note to Mr. Matthews. That note was written on a half sheet of note paper in a business hand, but with apparent haste. It was in the following words: "Whereas, it is thought that the public interest will be subserved by Print Matthews absenting himself from the polls on election day, Therefore be it resolved that Print Matthews be ordered to keep within his own inclosures to-morrow. Adopted by citizens of Copiah county; this, the fifth day of November, 1883." After reading the note my husband told McLemore that he was as free a man and had as much right to vote as any of them, and that he would exercise the right. Mr. Barksdale's speeches, especially the one at night, were well calculated to encourage violence. He told them, among other things, to carry the election if they had to do it at the muzzle of their guns. This was heard by all and fully talked about. I have read a denial of it by some one for him, but Mr. Barksdale is too bold and too truthful a man to deny it himself. On the morning of the election we were in deep trouble; Mr. Matthews ate no breakfast, but after the meal was over, replying to his brother Leon, he said "Yes, I will vote," and went to his store, situated near the polls. I never saw him again in life, but faithful and truthful friends have told me the horrors that followed. The room in which the election was held is about a hundred yards from our house. It has a cellar, which is entered by a trap door from the inside. When the polls were opened my husband went to them with a handful of tickets, where he found Wheeler, who was to act as Democratic challenger, and the officers of election. Very few others were anywhere visible. He saw no gun, but it was there setting in a gun box. As my husband came into the room he and Wheeler met and had a conversation; and all say they were not only friendly but pleasant. In a few moments my husband said, "well, I have always voted last, but this time I will vote first;" and Wheeler said, "Print, I would not vote if I was you." The reply was, "I have a right to vote—as much right as any of you—and I intend to do so;" and, taking a ticket in his right hand, he approached the polls. One of the officers received the ticket, dropped it in the box, called his name, and said, voted, and as my husband turned from the box Wheeler fired both barrels of his gun, the charges striking him in the neck and breast, and killing him instantly. As he sank to the floor, a pistol he had in his pocket was driven out by the fall and fell to the floor. In a moment a number of armed men came into the room through the trap-door in the cellar and surrounded Wheeler. The front door was then locked, and Wheeler and his friends passed out at the back door. My daughter heard the report of the gun, and realizing the import, ran to the place. His brother Leon reached there about the same time, and, finding the door locked, broke it down to reach his murdered brother.

The tool of the Democratic leaders, appointed to do this work of blood, immediately became a lion, and was placed in command of the mob. The news was sent in hot haste to all the voting places in the county, which, with threats and demonstrations of violence, had the effect shown by the returns of the election. And, although no Independent or Republican had committed or threatened any violence at any time, Sheriff Hargraves telegraphed Governor Lowrey for troops. Instead of sending them, he sent arms and amunition for distribution among the infuriated mob, which was done under the direction of Wheeler, the murderer.

At the municipal election which followed the killing of Matthews, his murderer, Wheeler, was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Mayor, and was defeated by only three votes. He has since been appointed town marshal, but other and higher political honors probably await him, for it may be remembered that Gully, the assassin of Judge Chisholm and his daughter, was subsequently elected to the Legislature, and the Barksdale [not a relative of the Congressman], who murdered Dixon is a member-elect of the Mississippi Legislature.

PROF. DANA ON CREATION.

Moses' Book of Genesis Consistent Geology—The Mosaic Record Upheld.

From the New Haven Evening Register.

Prof. Dana discussed the Book of Genesis and geology yesterday afternoon in President Porter's lecture room, and had many hearers. The Professor said the earth had been gradually made, and in all the different periods of the world's growth there has been a gradual progress in the forms or life.

In the Archean age there was probably no life; this was followed by an age in which there were the lowest forms of it, as sponges and worms. Then came in regular order fishes, reptiles, small quadrupeds, birds, large quadrupeds, and, last of all, man. As to these facts there are no geological doubts. When the flat went forth the result was not immediately accomplished. The days were longer than twenty-four hours. The periods of the earth's rotation had not then been discovered. There are two great periods, the inorganic and the organic, the account of each of which is begun with the creation of light. Science shows that light is molecular motion, and if this molecular energy ever began it was then.

The first creation was the universe, the next the separating of the different parts of the system. Then the land rose above the water, and on it a primitive vegetation grew, which received light from the earth's aurora. Then comes the second, the organic era—the creation of the sun, moon and stars was simply breaking away the clouds which encircled the earth. In the inorganic era the principle of life in the lowest kind of plants was begun, and in the organic era this life gradually advances till man is created. The account of Genesis and geology accord in a wonderful way.

Moses probably did not fully understand what he wrote, and we cannot but believe that he must have been inspired when he wrote that which the greatest advance in science has but just enabled man to understand.

A Mexican Postoffice.

The postoffice on the opposite side of the same plaza is an institution of the most aggravating character, conducted strictly on Mexican *manana* principles. Although Monterey has now many foreign residents, there is not a clerk in the office who understands a word of any language but Spanish, or can read other than Mexican names. As the Spanish alphabet does not contain all the English letters (for instance it has no w, its t's are l's, and its f's are y's) the mistakes they perpetually make are enough to make an angel weep. Of course Mexican ladies never go to the postoffice, and when an "Americana" ventures to do so hold a thing—perhaps she will be waited upon, after having been severely stared at, and all the men about the premises are first served. There is no drop letter system and no city delivery. If you want to communicate with a person in the same town, no amount of persuasion or number of stamps will induce the powers that be to put your missive in his box. While postage to the United States, Canada and Europe is only six cents per half ounce, it is 25 cents to any part of Mexico, if only across the line from one state to another, and very particular they are in weighing to get another 25 cents if possible. Mexican postal cards are 3 cents each, good for any part of the world except Mexico, but may not be sent from one town to another within their own borders. In Monterey they will sometimes sell you one or two postage stamps to carry away with you (if you look particularly honest), but never more than two; while in other Mexican postoffices they will not sell any — why, heaven only knows, only that it is one of the many "rules of the government." The office is frequently closed for hours at a time while the postmaster and all his clerks are enjoying a long siesta. As there is no outside box for depositing letters, even if one had the stamps to put on them, I am afraid that this institution is responsible for considerable profanity, especially on the part of those who have been accustomed to better treatment in the "Estados Unidos del Norte" as they insist in calling our United States, in contradistinction to theirs, *del sur.*—*Monterey Correspondent of the Springfield Republican.*

Wants Her Independence.

There can be little doubt that the cry of Canadian independence is gaining; and that in a few years all political connection between this country and Great Britain will be at an end. It is well that such is the case. As Canadians we have no quarrel with the mother land; we bear her no ill will, but we have our own well being to consider and no mere sentimental loyalty must be allowed to stand in the way of our advancement. What we lack most in this country is a national spirit; a spirit that is Canadian and not British; a spirit that will be emphatically Canada first, and that will compel our statesmen and politicians to look at all questions from a purely Canadian point of view. No one in his senses for a moment supposes that the dominion is going to remain a British colony. The most ignorant among us know that a change will ultimately take place, and Canadian independence is no longer a question of principle but one of expediency. Is it expedient to agitate at present for our national independence; for a purely Canadian republic? That is the real question, not whether it is right in principle to do so. There are thousands in this country who believe that the time has come for us to put on long clothes, and, as a matter of fact, the agitation for independence has begun, nor will it end until our first president takes the oath of office. A nation we have got to be before we can expect any great advancement, and a nation we shall be before many more years are over.—*Winnipeg Siftings.*

Edmund Kirke opposes the idea of giving an education to the negroes of the South, because he believes that it lifts them above their condition and makes them dissatisfied.

In The Pilot House.

"Yes, sir; this kind of work obliges a man to keep sober as a judge. Of all men in the world, steamboat pilots and railroad engineers should let liquor alone. For on their clearness of sight and coolness of head depends the safety of life and property."

Keeping his hand on the wheel as he said this, Mr. Albrookman of No 201-2 Silver street, Chicago added: "Of course, some of 'em drink; but the sober ones have the best positions and the best pay. Yes the work and exposure sometimes tells on us but for my part, I find PARKER'S TONIC to be all the invigorant I need. I've got a bottle aboard here now; never go on a trip without it. When I haven't any appetite, or am in any way out of sorts, it sets me up in no time. If drinking men would use the tonic it would help 'em to break off. No that isn't a light-house it's a star down near the water.) As I was saying, the Tonic is a new life bottled up. You see that flag staff? Well, with a bottle of PARKER'S TONIC in the locker I can keep malaria as far from me as that all the time. My wife has used it for three years for summer complaints and colic and as an invigorant, when she's tired out from overwork. She says the Tonic is a daisy. Good-bye! Don't break your neck going below."

This preparation which has been known as PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, will hereafter be advertised and sold simply as PARKER'S TONIC. As unprincipled dealers are constantly deceiving their customers by substituting inferior articles under the name of ginger, and as ginger is really an unimportant ingredient we drop the misleading word.

There is no change, however in the preparation, itself and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers wrapped under the name of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, contain the genuine medicine if the fac-simile signature of Hiscox & Co. is at the bottom of outside wrapper.

A NOVEL SIGHT.

"Pass in, gentlemen, pass in," shouted a tall, red faced man the other evening. A dense crowd of people had gathered in front of Smith's drug store, and all were struggling with might and main to get within hearing of the speaker's voice. The latter was twisting himself backward and forward with the celerity of a jack rabbit and exclaiming with much unction and many gestures "Push ahead gentlemen! Crowd in! Jam yourselves through the door! The bigger the rush the better I like it." We finally fell in line and purchased one of the packages he was handing out. It was a neat little bottle labled Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which we have since discovered is a quick, safe, and powerful remedy for sprains and pains, and a certain cure of rheumatism.

Peter Kiefer, cor. Clinton and Bennett streets, Buffalo, was badly bitten by a horse, and applied Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which immediately relieved the pain, and in four days the wound was healed.

(Thomas' Eclectric Oil is sold everywhere by druggists.)

EXTREME TIRED FEELING

A lady tells us "the first bottle has done my daughter a great deal of good, her food does not distress her now, nor does she suffer from that extreme tired feeling which she did before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla." A second effected a cure. No other preparation contains such a concentration of vitalizing enriching, purifying and invigorating properties as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

Dr. Marchisi's Catholicon a Female Remedy is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Will cure female diseases. All ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration falling and displacements of bearing down feeling, irregularities, barrenness, change of life, leucorrhœa, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like headache, bloating, spinal weakness, sleeplessness, nervous debility, palpitation of the heart, &c. For sale by druggists. Price $1.00 and $1.50 per Bottle. Send to Dr. J. B. Marchisi, Utica, N. Y., for Pamphlet, free. For Sale by L. K. Anderson.

Mary Stuart Face Powder

Contains no mineral poison. Tint or White 25c a box at L. K. Anderson's. 11-25-1y

A SURE CURE FOR SKIN DISEASES.

By DR. FRAZIER'S MAGIC OINTMENT. Cures as if by magic: Pimples, Black Heads or Grubs, Blotches, and Eruptions on the Face, leaving the skin clear, healthy and beautiful. Also cures Itch, Salt Rheum, Sore Nipples, Sore Lips, Old, Obstinate Ulcers and Sores etc Sold by all druggists and mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents. M. W. McNaughton & Co., Coshocton, O. 1085-1y.

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For sale by all druggists and mailed on receipt of price, $1.00. Sold by M. W. McNaughton & Co. Coshocton, O.

Rock Candy Cough Cure.

Warranted to cure or money refunded, Cold Coughs, Hoarseness, Throat and troubles (also good for children.) Rock Candy Cough Cure containing the healing properties of pure white Rock candy with Extracts of Roots and Herbs. Only 25c. Large bottles $1.00 cheapest to buy. For sale by L. K. Anderson.

Study the past if you would divine the future.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOWS SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOWS SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents bottle. July 14, 1 yr.

FITS: All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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GOING WEST.

	Arrive.
Express	*12:42 p. m.
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Express	*12:55 a. m.
Fast Line	†3:18 a. m
Accommodation	†6:14 a. m.

GOING EAST.

	Arrive.
Express	*1:48 a. m.
Express	*2:10 a. m
Express	*10:10 a m.
Fast Line	*2:12 p. m.
Accommodation	†8:58 p. m

*Every day. ‡Except Sunday.

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For time tables, rates of fare through tickets and further information regarding the running of trains, apply to W. H Parrish, Ticket Agent, Coshocton, O

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NEW YORK, 1884.

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"decided" claims upon the public. This ositively proven by the immense good it done to those who have been cured of ases from which they have suffered in-ely for years, as verified by the publish-estimonials, every one of which is a pos-fact.

CHELSEA, VT., Feb. 21, 1879.
rssrs. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: 6th day of last June I was taken sick a swelling on my right foot, and with an il pain. The swelling went all over me. ace was swelled so that I could with dif-ty see out of my eyes, and I broke out the whole surface of my body; my right up to my knee was one raw, itching s, and my ankle and foot so lame and I could not step on it, and it would run s to wet a bandage through in an hour. his condition Mr. W. F. Hood (of the firm R. Hood & Son, druggists, of this town) led me a bottle of HOOD'S SARSAPARIL-and told me to take it. I did so, and by ime I had taken one bottle I found that as doing me good. I have since taken bottles more. After I had taken three es my soreness began to leave me, and ve been growing better every day, so to-day I can walk without going lame; ve no soreness in my ankle and it has ed all up, and does not run at all. I owe ecovery to your Sarsaparilla. I write to let you know that I think it deserves confidence of the public, especially those are troubled with humors.
Yours most truly,
JOSIAH PITKIN.

S. Every person that saw me said that er would get over my lameness without ng a running sore on my ankle; but k God I have. J. P.

other Sarsaparilla has such a sharpening t upon the appetite. No other prepa-n tones and strengthens the digestive as like HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.
ce one dollar, or six bottles for five dol
Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO, hecaries, Lowell, Mass.

BACCO CHEWERS
A REWARD
555 CASH, 1,000 Imported Novelty Pocket Knives and 5,000 pounds of the Great
ZOO-ZOO
CHEWING TOBACCO
BE GIVEN AWAY!
RY CONSUMER saving over 30 tags will EWARDED. $100 to 1st, $90 to 2d, $80 $70 to 4th, $60 to 5th, $50 to 6th, $40 to 7th, to 8th, $20 to 9th, $10 to 10th, $5 to 11th, Imported Pocket Knives worth $1 each, ,000 pounds ZOO-ZOO Plug Tobacco, to en in rotation, the largest number of tags re-will receive the first reward, $100 Cash, highest, $90, and so on down to a 10ct. plug 00-ZOO tobacco. These Christmas and New rewards will be distributed between Decem-th and January 1st. Chew this delightful to-the best ever made. Save the tags and send by mail, between December 15th and 20th, to the
SON & McCALLAY TOBACCO CO.
MIDDLETOWN, OHIO.
ut address out and paste on Envelope.
THE FINEST POUND PLUG EVER MADE.
K YOUR DEALER FOR ZOO-ZOO.
nsist on having it and you will use no other.

ID BITS
"a rarity, a choice thing"
D BY STOREKEEPERS!
BARTLETT & CO., Makers,
115 and 117 N. Front St., Phila, Pa.

(Continued from last week.)

ow Watch Cases are Made.

is process of manufacture was invented mes Boss, who started in business in and the methods and tools used in ng these watch cases are covered by t. *This is the only watch case made this process.* For many years the in-ction of these goods was slow, owing ul a prejudice against "plated" goods, radually the public learned that the *s Boss' Gold Watch Case* was *not* a *gold-washed* or *electro-plated* article, was made of *genuine gold plates* of *an I quality and thickness*. Conscientious rence to the determination to make *st* watch case ever put on the market, the adoption of every improvement sted, has made the *James Boss' Gold h Case* the STANDARD. TRADE MARK is watch case the parts subject to wear — the *bow, crown, hinges, b-catches*, etc., are made of SOLID GOLD.

ent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Phila- Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(To be continued.)

ADE ON PURPOSE.

of Those Mistakes(!) Which e More Frequent than Profit-able.

hy, my child, this is not BENSON'S CAP-POROUS PLASTER," said a father to th daughter, after examining a package ed just brought from the drug store. n't it, Papa? I'm sorry, but I asked the or Bens n's. I know I did, and he took n s you gave me to pay for it with," med the c il l positively. "May be the nan made a mistake."
"o 'l ed n s t, and see," was the gen-n s e a d n e t a d he donned his coat and

hy don't you send me Benson's plaster, of this cheap and trashy thing?"
hy, I thought that would suit you just as

ut ough' you thought! What business you to think? I don't pay you for think-t r filling my order," said the indig-all contemptuously. "There! take hing back and give me my money, I'll t I want elsewhere."

D. NICHOLAS .... E. W. JAMES
NICHOLAS & JAMES,
TTORNEYS AT LAW
hocton, O.—Will promptly atten t t in Law, Collections and all Law Busin sted to their care.
o: On Third St., Opposite Public Square.

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kinds of Dyeing, Scouring and Cleaning of s' and Gents' Apparel, done at the
WOOLEN FACTORY, IN ROSCOE.
o, CARPETS Cleaned, Washed and Dyed, by pert eastern mechanic, who has entire charge department of the business. Terms, rea-le. sep8 3m.

THE ONLY WAY,
HOROUGHLY RESTORE LOSS of VIRILE WER and to SAFELY and PERMANENTLY cure cases of SEXUAL DISEASE, even those seem-y incurable; further, particular information Manhood, Wedlock, Impediments to it and eir cure: fully demonstrated in the standard strated work "Anchor of Hope", 150 pages, th ed., based on a German physician's exper-ce of 30 years. Forwarded, carefully wrapped d post-paid, to any address for 25 cts. in at-stamps.—Addr. GLOCK & SON, Book-LLERS, 213 S. HIGH STR., COLUMBUS, O.

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INLEY & WERNETT,
DENTISTS.
shocton, O.—OFFICE: Corner Main an h Streets, near Depot. All business e ed to our care w receive prompt atten. —Dec.13'78

THE NEW NORTHWEST.

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

WALLA WALLA, W. T., Dec. 3.

The rush of emigration to this part of the country by no means ceases at the approach of winter, as you would soon be convinced could you see the loaded trains that are daily, and I might say hourly arriving at this enterprising city. Walla Walla is the commercial centre of the fairest and most fertile region of country that I have yet seen in my five thousand miles of travel. It has a population of some seven thousand, who have seemed to vie with each other in making it one of the cosiest, handsomest, pleasantest towns in the new Northwest. Its streets are prettily laid out, and they are bordered on either side by really elegant houses, with their lawns and orchards and gardens, that are attractive even in this winter dreariness. There is barely a trace of the frontier life in the social manners of its people and none whatever in their comfortable mode of living. South and east, to the base of the Blue Mountains, is the immense wheat region, the farms with their neat houses being the appropriate surroundings of the neat little city. This wonderful system of wheat fields begins at Centerville and extends just one hundred miles around the northern and western base of the Blue Mountains, with not even a tree to obstruct the view in the entire distance. More than two million bushels of this cereal were shipped from here this season, a quantity equal to that exported by the whole State of Minnesota twelve years ago.

But we are rapidly recovering from any surprises that confront us in regard to this country, in the presence of the astonishing strides that have been taken in its development. To conceive of a new and vast territory wrested from the hands of the savage to-day and gridironed by railroads to-morrow is only an adequate illustration of the growth of a territory from a wilderness to an empire in a half score of years. That it was a habitable region at all, there have been grave doubts in the minds of historiographers and travelers who had years ago traversed its bleak prairies and forbidding wastes of swamp and morass. But the advance guard is here in the diverse elements of Yankee and Southerner and Teuton and Celt and Scandinavian and African and Mongolian and the Red Indian himself. They will tie the two oceans together with the broad band of a continuous and ever-increasing populated country, that reaches from the Red River of the North to the mouth of the Columbia. Upon this broad belt there are yet many and large vacant spaces, but invoking the homestead, the pre-emption and other beneficent acts of Congress that have opened these lands to the actual settlers, how can we forecast the future of this tremendous domain?

And so on northward as well as westward does the course of empire take its way, bringing in its train the millions who have already participated in the development of the farther East. This restless, speculative, enterprising people are those who have made our Chicagos and St. Pauls, and therefore leave no mushroom growth behind them, to enter fresh fields and pastures new. The vast grazing fields of Montana and her tremendous mining resources are to be brought to contribute their portion to the wealth and commercial greatness of the Nation, and the Washington Territory of to-day, with its undeveloped wheat fields, is to be dotted over the Chicagos that her immense granaries will soon necessitate. Nor frozen North nor Manitoba blizzards have any terrors for these determined millions, whose sacrifices in settling and building up a new country few can appreciate.

The Northern Pacific Railroad, over which I have traversed many hundreds of the miles of my journey from St. Paul to this city, is one o the many achievements that elicit absolute astonishment. To overcome forces of nature in the tunneling of mountains, the bridging of mighty chasms, and the crossing of the mountain passes where neither tunnel or bridge is possible, is a demonstration of the importance of opening the country to the world of commerce. In travelling over that road to-day I find no essential difference in the pleasure and comfort and convenience and safety in traveling than that to be enjoyed upon the older roads of the East, but I must take occasion to say that both pleasure and comfort, if not safety, are materially enhanced in the corresponding enhancement of the rates of fare.

THE HERMIT NATION.

Notes on Corea, Its Social Customs, Clothing, Food, Literature and Industrial Arts.

Yokohama Correspondence N. Y. Tribune.

Corea, like Japan, for many years refused all intercourse with her sister nations, and now that the barrier which has shut her out from them has been removed, much interest has been awakened in regard to this strange country. This interest none feels more strongly than Japan, as many of her arts, as well as literature and religion, were originally learned from Corea. It was, therefore, naturally supposed by the Japanese that there would be found in this nation much that was interesting, novel and curious. The actual facts thus far have proved a great disappointment, and the theory that all the skilled artisans were brought over from Corea, through the influence of a Japanese Emperor, leaving only the ignorant people behind, who from that time on have degenerated, seems true, as the present condition of Corea is much lower than in olden times. Since the treaties were made between Japan and Corea the people of the latter country have been frequently seen in Japan. The men have seemed to resemble the Japanese more closely than the Chinese. They have a fine physique, regular Oriental features, with dark hair and more than ordinary intelligence; but their strange costumes, of gay colors and queer cut, with their woven hair hats and cotton wadded feet, attracted a curious gaze. They were regarded as a new nationality, with whom the Japanese might become on friendly terms. A visit to the country, however, shows how wide apart the two nations are in every respect.

* * * * * * *

The streets are very narrow, filled with rubbish and pervaded by gases from decaying matter; the houses, crowded closely together, are really nothing more than rude huts, built at the bottom of stone and mud, and at the top of wood. There is no house with a second story, and most of them are very small. The rooms are only about six feet square, with no sort of ornament or furniture. The inmates sit on the bare wooden floors without mats or cushions, and and only in the richest houses are straw mattings spread down. Sometimes a sort of bench or chair, covered with oiled paper, is offered to a foreign guest. The houses do not open into the streets, and sometimes there is no door, and the entrance is by a low window with a paper covered sash. Many of the dwellings are built with one part at right angles to the other, one-half being the section for women and the other for men. Even the King's Palace, a building better than the rest, and supposed to be very fine, has only the addition of tiles to the roof. It seems impossible to believe, in walking around this city, that there are as many as three thousand souls in this small place of crowded houses.

THE DEGRADATION OF WOMEN.

One seldom meets a woman on the streets, and those are only from the poorest and lowest class, as a respectable woman never shows her face to any man excepting her nearest relatives. A man can not see his brother's wife, or any female but his immediate family, and few women see other women outside of their houses: For years women have lived in adjoining dwellings, and have never seen each other. All their life is lived in the few square feet of the rooms assigned them, cooking, eating, sleeping and washing their clothes, with not the slightest bit of mental culture, and with no idea of the world outside; perfect prisoners, and to whom the light of day is almost unknown. There is little beauty among the women of Corea; their faces are pallid, and no wonder, and sadness and weariness mark the countenances of even the young. Their costumes seem frightfully rigid, and their condition worst of all the women in the world, hardly excepting the women of India. Although when a girl is born the parents give her a name, she is never called by it, but is designated as the daughter, or the eldest sister, aunt or cousin of this person or that. It is only on the wedding night that the husband is told the name of his wife, and if he ever calls her name it is when no one can hear. Thus a woman is almost without idenity.

When a woman from some necessity goes from one house to another, a large box-like conveyance with a lid is brought by coolies to the house and left; it is then carried by servants into her room, where she gets into it, is covered up and carried outside. Then the coolies appear and carry her only into the gateway of the house she is to visit, and then they go away; she is then carried into the women's room by those who are permitted there, and then she comes forth from her pent-up conveyance.

CLOTHING, FOOD AND MANNERS.

The clothes of both men and women are about the most respectable thing in Corea. A skirt is worn by women, and also an upper part like a waist, in crude imitation of European dress. These clothes are washed frequently, and this seems to be the only particular in which they are cleanly. The masculine attire is made in one piece, often wadded and made of nice material, and buttons across the chest, fastening tightly. A man's hair is carefully arranged, and may be dimly seen through his tall hat, which is made of hair; and the hat is not removed on any occasion. His feet are tightly wrapped in cotton, to make endurable the hard shoes, which are very much like those of the Chinese, and generally made of wood, but sometimes of hard oil-cloth. The shoes worn in the house are of cloth, and are no more comfortable.

The Corean salutation is made thus: When one meets an acquaintance, he clasps his own hands together, and shaking them, bows his head over them very low, somewhat like the Japanese and Chinese. According to the Corean standard of cleanliness, a bath is not necessary, and a bucket or pail is hard to obtain, and a tub large enough for a bath is unknown. All the water is taken from wells in gourds, which grow to a large size. When a Corean gentleman with foreign ideas wished to have a bath tub in his house, the only way he could obtain it was to take a long and large log of wood, and have it hollowed out bit by bit, until it was the shape and size he wished.

The principal food of the Coreans is rice, as with all Eastern nations, but so poorly is it cooked, being filled with sand and dirt, that it is very unpalatable, excepting to the natives. All the food is poorly cooked, there is no variety in the preparation of it, and all meals are the same. They feed themselves with chop sticks assisted by a flat spoon. All the china is crudely made; it is a thick sort of greenish ware, roughly finished, and if at all ornamented it is with the poorest grotesque figures. It is almost impossible to believe that Japan learned how to make her exquisite vases from these people in ancient times.

Vegetation is luxurious in some respects. There is an abundance of the best quality of hay, but this is burned for fuel, wood never being used. The cattle excel any found along the coast of Asia, and with good grazing they would become profitable for exportation. There are not many varieties of fruit, but peaches are large and luscious and almost twice the size of those in America. There are some nuts, and the chestnut is larger than any known in Europe, and twice as large as the Italian. Vegetables are not abundant, but they have several foreign species, and they have plenty of eggs, and splendid meat.

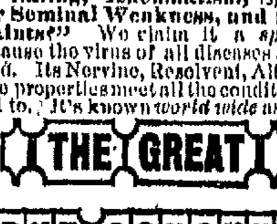
When a gentleman of high rank visits another it is the custom to take with him not only presents, but all the food he will require, and food for the family he visits. To each person is assigned enormous quantities of meat, more than one could possibly eat with the best appetite. The utensils for cooking are very strange. The stove is made of stone and so arranged that the smoke from the stove goes through a pipe under the floor of the house, and makes its escape from the other side, and in every house the smoke will be seen issuing from the floor. On asking for a wash-basin, the utensils for boiling rice may be handed you. The sleeping apartments are used for every other purpose. The bed, on the floor, is hard uncomfortable and hot from the smoke underneath. In summer they lie down on the floor in their clothes and rest their heads on mere blocks of rough wood. There is a lack of neatness about everything. At present there are not many foreigners in the country, only the Japanese and American Legations having been established there, and for those few strangers the inconveniences and hardships are beyond expression.

INTELLIGENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Language and learing are further advanced than might be expected. The written language is the same as the Chinese, and thus with little change the whole Chinese literature is at their command. But learning to to read is a laborious task, so that many do not reach a high standard of mental culture. Some of the Coreans, however, surpass the Japanese in writing and reading Chinese. The spoken language is very much like the Japanese and no doubt both are from the same origin. In spite of many disagreeable customs this people are far from being uninteresting. They seem eager to learn and interested in getting new ideas to work from. They have thus far taken kindly to innovations, and will probably be as progressive as the Japanese. In the one instance of the Corean converted last spring to Christianity, is a good example to what the race may become.

Further intercourse with this "hermit nation" will show the world more of the people, now that the way is open; whether it will be of great profit to trade with a nation so poor, and whose productions are so meagre, is a hard question. As yet nothing has been obtained worthy of export. Among the things brought lately from Corea as curiosities, and not as specimens of workmanship or beauty, are many articles made of oil paper, a favorit and much-used material; fans made of it in colors of red and black; tobacco pipes of curious wood, with a large bowl, and about two yards in in length; strange wooden and other shoes; silk of an inferior quality; some matting, quite well woven and pretty, and an ordinary quality of tobacco; but best of all, some exquisite furs and skins of enimals. Besides these there was India ink in cakes, which has been pronounced good, but roughly made. Their paintings and drawings are also crude, and of little beauty. The love of nature does not seem to be strong in them; at least it does not influence their arts. Around their cities this is plainly seen, as there are no plants, nor ornamental flowers and trees, and no gardens.

SAMARITAN NEVER FAILS. NERVINE



"You claim too much for SAMARITAN NERVINE," says a skeptic. "How can one medicine be a specific for Epilepsy, Dyspepsia, Alcoholism, Opium Eating, Rheumatism, Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, and fifty other complaints?" We claim it a *specific*, simply, because the virus of all diseases arises from the blood. Its Nervine, Resolvent, Alterative and Laxative properties meet all the conditions herein referred to. It's known *world wide* as

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It quiets and composes the patient—not by the introduction of opiates and drastic cathartics, but by the restoration of activity to the stomach and nervous system, whereby the brain is relieved of morbid fancies, which are created by the causes above referred to.

To Clergymen, Lawyers, Literary men, Merchants, Bankers, Ladies and all those whose sedentary employment causes nervous prostration, irregularities of the blood, stomach, bowels or kidneys or who require a nerve tonic, appetizer or stimulant, SAMARITAN NERVINE is invaluable. Thousands proclaim it the most wonderful invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system. $1.50. Sold by all Druggists. (14)

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NERVOUS DEBILITY.

When all other remedies fail, DR. FRAZIER'S ROOT BITTERS will cure General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and all diseases arising from a Disordered Stomach, Liver an Kidneys. M. W. McNaughton & Co., Coshocton, O feb3-1y.

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Having a good stock of sound, young traveling horses, substantial and fashionable carriages, I am prepared to accommodate the public at all times, at reasonable rates, with Buggies, Carriages, and Saddle Horses.

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No. 21. 176 acres—Level, second bottom, clay loam and walnut soil, all under fence; about 8 acres timber; nearly all in good sod, public road bordering it. South boundary, side track of P. C. & St. L. R. R. at way station; two and one-half miles from town of 1500 inhabitants, excellent market; nursery of 1200 peach trees; comfortable houses and out buildings; easily divided in two lots. No better farm in township; price $60 per acre, if sold soon, on good payments.

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Two 20 acre lots, three 40 acre lots, good locations and good fixtures. Price, from $40 to 65, according to improvements.

TOWN.

No. 10. A town lot, two story frame house and one and one-half acres land. First-class for shoemaker, $700.

No. 19. Store property, one and one-half acres land, story and a half house of 7 rooms, with store room, well, cistern and stable, in village 5 miles from P. C. & St. L. R. R. station. Price, $1500 in thirds. Also, store goods in same, invoice $2500, average monthly sales, $600, stock profitably increased, sell or trade the whole for small tract of l

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100 farms in Daviess county, Indiana. Price $20 to 80. Satisfactory information furnished.

160 acres in Wright county, Iowa, 100 acres broke, 80 acres pasture, fenced; young orchard; three and one-half miles from a town of 1500 inhabitants. Owner, a young man, lived on it for several years, now engaged in business. Price, $25 per acre.

100,000 acres of unimproved land. Price from $1.25 to $10 per acre.

100 farms from 40 to 1,000 acres. Price from $15 to $30 per acre.

I will select in person 40 acre lots of unimproved tillable or prairie land in South-west Missouri at $65 per lot.

Referen ces given, a liberal patronage solicited. S. M. MOORE.

Aug.18-6m.

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300 ACRES.

Four miles from Coshocton and one mile from Keene, Ohio, on Millersburg road. 240 acres cleared, 150 acres good bottom land, 60 acres timber. Frame house 42X28 one and a half stories, with one story addition 30X18, in all 13 rooms. Frame barn 70X40, with frame basement for horses, sheep and cattle, and room above for 100 tons of hay. Two frame sheep houses 40X22, 14 foot posts. Granary and carriage house 28X18 one and a half stories. Corn crib 48X8, 9 foot posts, and all other necessary outbuildings. Also tenant house on premises. Buildings mostly new and in good repair. Plenty of living water, good fences, bearing orchards, &c. For terms call on premises, or address the subscriber,

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Everybody to know that I have bought the Shoe Shop of J. S. Stockman, and will continue (in the same room, No. 517 Main street) the manufacture of

BOOTS & SHOES,

And I ask a share of the public patronage I will make a specialty of fitting up lasts and keeping them for all customers with bunions, corns, or any other deformity of the feet, always insuring them a comfortable fit.

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Oct6-3m.

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Oct20-3m.

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Peruna is producing a revolution in the history of medicine which will only end when its use will be exclusive and universal. For "The Ills of Life," address S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, Ohio.

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The Biggest Stock of Ready made Clothing and Gents Furnishing Goods Just Received.

Embracing the finest make and latest styles to be had in Eastern markets. No Style, Cut, Color or Pattern you can ask for that we can not show, and will be sold at such low prices that others will not, dare not, meet.

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Men's Suits in every shape and finely made,
Are opened now to the trade.
Those Over Coats so nicely made,
Will fit you I guarantee or no trade.
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Are the Latest Styles and Lowest Price.
Those many Fine Shirts an assorted line you will find to astound mankind.
Those New Goods that are open to-day,
Will fit you so nice, I guarantee, or no pay.

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Come and see us if you wish to purchase anything in our line. may5-6m.

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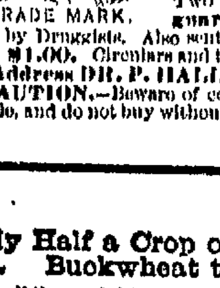


TRADE MARK.

Can positively be cured by using DR. P. HALL'S CATARRH REMEDY. A new compound, entirely different from all other preparations. It is in the form of a fine ointment which is easily applied in the nostrils and ears, and reaches the seat of the disease by absorption. Pleasant to the smell, and most efficient in operation. For Hay Fever, also impaired Hearing, Sight, Smell and Taste, produced by Catarrhal disease, it is a positive cure. The most noted Physicians and prominent Druggists all over the land have given it their endorsement. We have the unsolicited testimonials of hundreds of prominent and reliable men, who have been permanently cured. Do not be humbugged by nostrums, prepared by the inexperienced and unreliable, but insist upon having this Excellent Remedy, compounded by a Physician who has made this disease a study for 30 years. Two to four bottles generally sufficient to effect an entire cure. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money refunded. It is a positive cure for Ear-ache. For sale by Druggists. Also sent by mail, post paid, upon receipt of 50c. single bottle, package of two bottles, $1.00. Circulars and testimonials free.

Address DR. P. HALL, Wholesale and Retail Druggist, 630 State Street, Erie, Pa.

CAUTION.—Beware of counterfeits or imitations. The above Trade Mark will be found on every bottle, and do not buy without it.

Only Half a Crop of Buckwheat this Season. Now Here Comes Something New!

With all the good things in this world, people still crave something new. This time it comes in the shape of a

PAN CAKE FLOUR!

Which we have lately introduced to an intelligent public, and so far all who have tried it

PRONOUNCE IT PERFECT!

Even the dyspeptic, who has so long been denied the luxury of Buckwheat Cakes for breakfast, or Flannel Cakes or Waffles for supper, says with this new Pan Cake Flour he has his hot cakes without a pang of remorse. Pan Cake Flour, with either Cold Water or Sweet Milk, will make the lightest and nicest

GRIDDLE CAKES, FLANNEL CAKES & WAFFLES

Ever baked, without Eggs, Soda, Salt, or expensive Baking Powder, and many prefer it for a Breakfast Cake to Buckwheat. Of course it is understood Eggs will improve any cake, but this Flour is good if you leave them out. Full directions on each sack. For sale by all grocers. Prepared only by

S. S. MARVIN & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Extensive manufacturers of the best Soda, Oyster, Butter, Water, and Sweet Fancy Biscuit and Crackers.

ALWAYS ASK FOR MARVIN'S.

D. ROSE & SON,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

FURNITURE

AND GENERAL FURNISHING

UNDERTAKERS!

COFFINS,

BURIAL CASES & SHROUDS

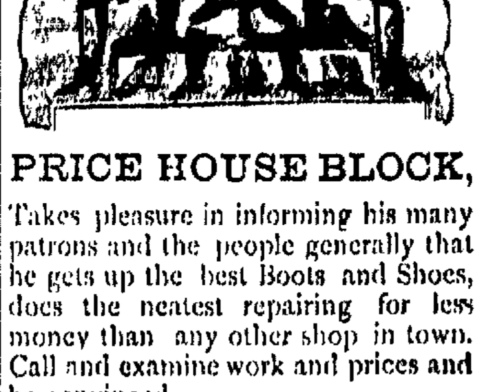
of all kin 's furnished on call, with or without Hearse.

RICKETTS' BLOCK,

Main Street, COSHOCTON, OHIO

GEO. T. KAGLE,

The People's Shoemaker.



PRICE HOUSE BLOCK,

Takes pleasure in informing his many patrons and the people generally that he gets up the best Boots and Shoes, does the neatest repairing for less money than any other shop in town. Call and examine work and prices and be convinced.

NOTICE TO

TEACHERS.

The Board of School Examiners of Coshocton county, will meet at the

Old Union School House,

COR. THIRD & SYCAMORE STS.,

COSHOCTON, OHIO,

Second and fourth Saturdays of March, April, September, October, November, and December, and on the fourth Saturday the remaining months of the year. Examinations will commence promptly at

—NINE O'CLOCK, A. M.—

Each applicant will be required to pay to the Board of Examiners, before entering upon examination, a fee of

—FIFTY CENTS.—

Applicants are also required to furnish a stamped envelope with their address written thereon, on which the result of their examination will be forwarded to them by mail.

E. T. SPANGLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Coshocton, O.—Office: North of public square, Chestnut Street, same as heretofore occupied by Spangler & Pomerene.

HARDWARE,

BUGGIES and WAGONS,

—AT—

COST.

E. McDonald intends closing out his entire stock of

Hardware, Buggies and Wagons, &c.,

And will sell at Cost any article he has now on hand.

Unless this stock is sold entire to some one wishing to continue the business, his store room, and shops, corner of Main and Third streets, will be for rent a can be closed out, as it is his intention to retire from the business.

Any party wishing to engage in this business will find it to their advantage to call on or address,

F. McDONALD,
Coshocton, Ohio.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THIS and NEXT

WEEK

We will give special prices in every article in our line. Come in and look before you buy.

Our Store is chuck full with

HOLIDAY GOODS,

That we will sell very close. Look at our all

Silk Handkerchiefs,

That we are selling at 25c., an elegant line in higher goods.

In regard to our LADIES' WRAPS, they must be all closed out by the first of January, 1884, and in order to do so, you can almost buy them at your own price. Nice Light Colored Plush Trimmed Jackets at $3.75. Other Wraps in proportion.

Yours Truly.

HAY & RANSOM.

MARRIAGE LICENSES were issued by Probate Judge Blackman this week to George J. Weaver and Dora Dean, John Miller and Susie Sweigert, Chas. H. Bagnall and Elmira Zellars, George Wiseman and Jennie Hines.

THE anniversary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of Grace M. E. Church, will take place on Thursday, Dec. 27. Luncheon will be served from 4 to 7:30 P. M. At this hour Mrs. D. H. Lee, late of India, will speak on zenana work—having given seven years to this practical missionary work. Come and hear her. MRS. J. H. CONKLE, Pres't, PAULINE WEISSER, Sec'y.

Court of Common Pleas.

An adjourned term was held by Judge Stilwell on Tuesday and Wednesday. The following cases were disposed of:

Rubina J. Randles vs. Mary E. Gonder et al. Sale confirmed and deed ordered.

Alexander Richards vs William H. T. Williams et al. Judgment for $2364 and order to sell house and lease.

William O Rine vs James W. Cooksey et al. Judgment for $604.40 and foreclosure of mortgage.

John E. Ling vs Martin Gross et al. Judgment for $708.11 and foreclosure of mortgage.

Catherine Cognon et al vs Catherine Dohl et al. Sale confirmed and deed ordered.

Real Estate Transfers.

Thos. Jones to Thos. S. Sharpless, 210 acres in Bethlehem tp, for $9000.

Alex. Cochran to Jos. A. Cullison, lot 13 in East Union, Perry tp, for $100.

Geo. Ringwalt to Alex. Cochran, lot 13 in East Union, Perry tp, for $57.

Wm. L. White to Oscar M. Mikesell, 74 acres in Perry tp, for $3,600.

O. M. Mikesell to Andrew Billman, 10 acres in Perry tp, for $500

Susannah Hagelbarger to Jacob Hagelbarger, 1-6 of 173 acres in Tiverton tp, for $700.

Wm. Marquand to Joseph Parks, 8 acres in Virginia tp, for $480.

W. W. H. Weits to Henry Sunthcimer, 5 acres in Crawford tp, for $100.

Clara Bahmer to Wm. A. Derr, 39 acres in Linton tp, for $700.

Abner L. Cass to John J. Brower, lot 22 in Johnson's addition to Coshocton, for $1,200.

Benjamin Wiggins, administrator to Decature Baker, mill property in Plainfield, for $2,675.

Mary M. Patterson to James Fenton, 19 acres in Adams tp, for $1,000.

Jane Neighbor to James Fenton, 80 acres in Adams tp, for $4,400.

T. W. Cornell to J. P. Crory, 14 acres in Virginia tp, for $1100.

Thomas McClain to Perry Cisley, 14 acres in Bedford tp, for $450.

Perry Cisley to Silas D. Ogle, 14 acres in Bedford tp, for $450.

J. W. Smith to Wm. Snyder, 40 acres in Monroe tp, for $1200.

A. W. Fandenbaugh to Emanuel Neal, 40 acres in Monroe tp for $1.

United States of America to Robert Mossman, patent for north east quarter of section 10 in Washington tp.

Clerk's Office.

NEW CASES.

Wm. G Moffitt vs Henry Bogue Sr. et al. Action to recover possession of real property, and for injunction.

Against the Nimrods.

WHEREAS, The Legislature of our State has enacted laws to protect the farmers against professional hunters and trespassers, and whereas forbearance has ceased to be a virtue, therefore we, the undersigned, as members of this association, do agree to enforce the laws upon our statue against hunting, especially section 6968, (as amended April 3, 1883, Laws of Ohio Volume 80, page 94) which applies to hunting or trespassing on the lands of others and includes all birds, game or animals. And we further agree to inform each other of any known violation of this law, and to assist in the prosecution of the same. J. C. Hamiston, T. B Renfrew, Jesse Reamer, Michael Frock, John Reamer, W. B. Elliott, Stephen Reamer, John M. Burt, Wm. Himbaugh, Wm. R. Boyd, George Best, Wm. M Boyd, Henry P. Reamer, Thos. S. Hamilton, John Beaver, Wm. Carnahan, Robert E. Boyd, A. F. Boyd, Curtis Boyd, M. W. Adams, Bailey Philips, John Boyd, Wm. Graham, Martha Elliott.

Plainfield.

Adam Denzer has returned to this town to visit his parents after two years absence in Michigan.

"Don" Heskett is home again from Pittsburg.

Our neighbor, David Jones, is very badly afflicted by inflammatory rheumatism.

Charley Baker has a new miller in the person of a Mr Johnson, from Zanesville.

Michael Bassett is not recovering much from the attack of paralysis he had some time since. M.

Bakersville.

Notwithstanding the many drawbacks and hindrances of various kinds, this community is enjoying a season of prosperity. Health is comparatively good, considering the various climatic changes that have taken place since November. Business in all departments of trade is lively and is very plenty, and we feel warranted in saying that our merchants are netting good profits. The woolen mill now owned by 'Squire Stonebrook has been kept running constantly all summer, and the various goods manufactured will compare with any in the county for beauty, finish and durablity.

The large mill owned by A. A. Pearis has been undergoing a change from the old process to the new. The change is now complete in all departments, and as fine a grade a floor is now made in Bakersville as is made in any mill in the State.

The new dwelling house of D. Swan is almost completed which adds much to the solid improvement of our town. Mr. Swan is a hard working, energetic, enterprising fellow, just such a man as this community is glad to see permanently located in Bakersville.

Rev. Rogers preached his farewell sermon last Sabbath week. He severs his pastoral connections on account of the illness of his wife. The same day the Presbyterian members decided by vote to withdraw their connection as a congregation from Newcomerstown, having been informed that Linton church had voted to withdraw from Newcomerstown the Sabbath before. This action again unites Linton and Evanscreek churches under the charge of the same pastor.

The pastor of the M. E. Church is conducting a protracted meeting at White Eyes and reports say that each meeting is growing more interesting, and the indications are that much good will be accomplished, and the membership increased.

The new sect called Disciples, that makes war against every other sect, are building a church in this place, yet it grows to completeness very slow, but we are informed none the less sure. Their church when complete will be a fine building, capable of seating near 500 people. Elder Dodd, of New Philadelphia is their minister.

A drunken fight took place at Ripple's saloon one night last week. It was beer, whisky and the devil let loose, and the scene that followed is a disgrace to manhood, intelligence civilization and christianity. For the sake of the families of the actors in this drunken debauchery, we with hold the names of those engaged, with the hope that our charity for them and their families in withholding their names will constrain them from repetition. TOM.

HAVE YOUR LUMBER SAWED NOW.

I have just purchased a new eighteen horse power saw-mill from the well-known John H. McNamara, of Newark, Ohio, and within ten days or two weeks will be prepared to saw all kinds of lumber. Mill located first on farm of Mr. Wm. Orr. For information call at mill or address

22-4t JOHN KUHN, Warsaw.

A Literary Republic.

"Fifty millions of people, mostly fools," was Carlyle's pointed way of putting it. The now brilliantly successful Literary Revolution—which a few months ago was supposed to be permanently doomed—assumes the opposite, that people are not mostly fools but that they want GOOD books rather than trash, and the "Literary Republic" is the result. Every reader is a voter. Ballots in the first election are to be cast (by postal card) before Jan. 1, 1884. The following are the first "candidates" for honors:

GEORGE RAWLINSON.—"History of the Seven Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World." In three large 12mo volumes, about 2,400 pages with profuse and fine illustrations. Price reduced from $18 to $3.

JOHN RUSKIN.—"Modern Painters" and "Stones of Venice." In five handsome 12mo. volumes, about 3,250 pages with many illustrations. Price reduced from $30 to $4.

GUIZOT AND DEWITT.—"History of France, from the earliest times to 1848." Translated from the French. Profusely illustrated. In five large 12mo. volumes, about 4,000 pages. Price reduced from $30 $5.

HENRI VAN LAUN.—"Complete History of French Literature." In two large 12mo volumes, about 1,000 pages. Price reduced from $7.50 to $1.50.

The candidates stand separately. Vote for those you want, one or all. It will take 10,000 votes for each to elect. The 10,000 being received, the books described will be published during the present winter on the terms stated. No money is asked in advance. You can receive and examine the books before paying for them. A specimen number of the Irving Library giving samples of type, paper and other particulars, will be sent free to any applicant. Address John B. Alden, Publisher, 18 Vesey St., New York.

MY WIFE HAD FITS.

"For 35 years," says our correspondent Henry Clark, of Fairfield, Lenawee Co., Mich., "my wife had fits. They would last an hour and sometimes longer. *Samaritan Nervine* has permanently cured her.

Don't bark. Take Down's Elixer and cure that cough. Sold by McNaughton & Co.

FOUR of the nine men who plead guilty to the charge of conspiring to murder Martin Leyden, at Conemara, Ireland, were sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

Indigestion immediately relieved and absolutely cured by the use of Baxter's Mandrake Bitters. Sold by McNaughton & Co.

A Plea for Tapestry.

Who can tell why the working of tapestry has gone out of fashion? It would be so much more satisfactory than the endless procession of tidies and pincushions and sofa-pillows, each with its little design, if some fair needlewoman would give her spare time and thought to do a larger piece of work. It might be done in small separate squares, so that there would be no objection to the clumsy roll of canvas, which could not be moved about or looked upon as fancy work; and it would be so picturesque and full of the spirit of romance to see a lovely lady with her colored crewels and her quaint designs, and know that she was stitch by stitch achieving a great work which would keep her memory bright for years. Nobody cares what becomes of the smaller pieces of needlework after their bloom is, so to speak, worn off, but let us dicture to ourselves the religious care with which we should guard the handiwork of our great grandmothers, if it were of this sort. We venerate the needle-books and work-bags and samplers almost absurdly, and this is an index to our capacity for appreciating a more important treasure.

Besides, it is a great loss both to art and literature that our stitches tend to such petty ends. An embroidery frame is a charming addition to a portrait, and nothing could make a more delightful and suggestive background than the blurred figures and indistinct design of a tapestried wall. And in a story, what aid a writer could give his reader by his suggestions of the work the heroine's slender fingers toyed with idly, or called into existence skillfully in a busier hour! What light, indeed, the description of the design would throw upon the character of the maiden! We could make up our minds instantly to many certainties when we knew whom she had taken for her hero in a battle piece, or if it were only a quiet landscape which she deftly wove when her lover met her first.—*December Atlantic.*

Wouldn't Have Taken Them.

Old man Nelson stood on the sidewalk muttering, when a white man came along and asked:

"What's the matter, Uncle Nelse?"

"I'se troubled in my mine. Dat what's de matter."

"What has gone wrong?"

"Eberything's gone wrong. Dat what's gone wrong."

"Have you lost anything?"

"Look aheah, man, what does yer wanter terrygate de ole man fur? Yer kain't help me none, so wush me well an' pass along."

"I might be able to help you."

"No, yer kaint, but if yer mus' know I'll tell yer. I'se been a wuckin fer dis man whut libs in hear. I wucked for him all day. Dis mawnin' when I come heah, dar wuz ez nice a pa'r o' britches ez I eber wanter see a hangin' on de bannisters ob de back po'ch. Da hung dar at dinner time an' da hung dar till I went home ter git a snack o' somethin' ter eat dis ebenin', but jist now when I cum back I seed dat da'd been tuk er way. Whut did da want ter disa'p'int a man dat way fur. Ef da wanter gwinter let 'em stay dar tell night, whut made 'em put 'em dar in de fust place? Spoke ter dat white man, mighty perlite dis mawnin'. Called him marster. Think o' dat, will yer? Call a man marster twenty years arter freedum an' den be treated dis way."

"You had no idea of taking the pants, did you, Uncle Nelse?"

"Co'se I didn't. Wa'n't thinkin' 'bout dat. It am de principum 'o de thing. Showed dat he didn't hab no confordence in me. Showed dat he wa'n't easy in hes mine while I was aroun'. Didn't want de britches, eben if dese what I'se got on am mighty nigh gone, but I think dat it woulder been as little as dat man coulder done ter let dem britches stay dar a while longer.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Marriage, as practiced among the negroes of Senegambia, has been written upon in a very entertaining way by M. Beronger Feraud. As in other parts of Africa, the parental tie is slight, divorce is a matter of every day occurrence; women are to all intents and purposes slaves, and the marriages are attended with elaborate ceremonials, simply as pretexts for amusement and intemperance.

The ills which flesh is heir to are more often due to impurities of the blood than is generally supposed. The purification of this vital fluid enables the system to ward off its worst enemies. There is no doubt that Hood's Sarsaparilla is one of the best blood purifyers in the world, and we feel confident that those who give it a trial will not be dissappointed. Dec. 15-4t

Merited Success.

Dr. Hartman & Co— Gents: Peruna sells very well here. I have ordered several dozen bottles since your agent was here.

W. W. STEELE & CO., Chillacothe, Ohio.

Am selling your Peruna. It gives universal satisfaction.

G. W. BARERE, Hillsboro Ohio.

Trade splendid on Peruna. We never sold a medicine that gave better satisfaction,

D. REED & SON, Pomeroy, Ohio.

The case of medicine you sent me came all right, and is doing me good Others think so to who have tried. Please send me a dozen bottles of Peruna.

ROBERT LOGAN Topeka Kan.

Your Peruna sells fast, and gives good satisfaction.

J. C. SANDERS, Martinsburgh, Pa.

This great medicine can be found at all drug stores. Ask for it. Also the book on the "Ills of Life"

CASTORIA

for

Infants and Children

Without Morphine or Narcotine.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
'Tis Castoria.

When Babies fret, and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms,
But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion;
But Castoria.

Farewell then to Morphine Syrups,
Castor Oil and Paregoric, and
Hail Castoria.

Centaur Liniment.—An absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c., and an instantaneous Pain-reliever.

J. J. BROWER, M. D.,

Treats all kinds of Chronic Diseases. Also makes a specialty of the Diseases of Women and Children. Office and residence,

Corner Walnut St. and Burt Ave., Coshocton.

Office Hours—From 7 to 9 A. M., 12 to 2 P. M. and 5 to 7 P. M.

DON'T READ

This Column

UNLESS

You Believe what it says.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

There is about $18,000 worth of goods in the

Bee Hive Store

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,

To reduce the amount to $10,000 by January 1st, when we make our annual Invoice, we have reduced the prices on some goods about ONE-HALF.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Do you want a Black Silk or Satin Dress, a Plaid, a Cheap Brocade, a Jamestown Alpaca, a Beautiful Black or colored Cashmere, a Matalas Brocade, a Henrietta Cloth, or anything in the Dress Goods line?

We will save you 25 to 50 per cent.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Do you want to make some one a present of a nice Wrap, a beautiful Rug, a pair of Lace Curtains or Bed Sett, a Handsome Tidy (Applique Work), any kind of Handkerchief (at wholesale prices), any kind of neckwear (at wholesale prices), an elegant Purse or anything in the

NOTION LINE?

The BEE HIVE is the place to get it.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Do not forget to look at the Blankets at $1.00, 1.25 and 1.50 per pair. All Wool Scarlet Shirts at 87 cents, [all Wool Hose 25 cents, Unlaundried Shirts 50 cents, Brocades at 6¼, Plaids 5 cents.

The largest all Linen Towels in the State at 50 cents per pair, [but we can not sell you goods at "EXACT COST" and Throw in the Towels.]

Holiday Goods.

Buy One Dollar's worth of Goods and get a ticket for our prizes, buy Ten Dollars worth and get ten tickets. You may be lucky, and it costs you nothing to try. You need the Goods.

Come and buy just what you want at the

Bee Hive

RED HOT

Are the Sales at the Great Clothing Emporium of

DAVE & IKE.

They are Selling more Goods under the Square Dealing Plan than was thought possible.

If you want Christmas Presents of substantial value you can not do better than at our Store.

DAVE & IKE,

PALACE CLOTHING HOUSE,

FORBES BLOCK,

MAIN STREET, COSHOCTON, OHIO

Our Generation's Changes.

There are thousands of people living in this country to-day who never expected slavery and other fixed institutions to be brought to an end in their days and generation. Those wrongs to a down-trodden race were deemed invincible, but yet one generation has seen them blotted out, and now the present one sees just as great evils confronted with an army just as strong as ever waged war for the benefit of the oppressed. Change is written everywhere. The ills and woes of mankind are claiming attention, and the coming generation can erect a monument over many of the flourishing evils of to-day. In no position is there more advancement being made than in the science of medicine. Physicians are learning to practice common sense as well as medicine. They are beginning to prescribe Peruna for a large number of complaints of mankind and with astonishing success. They should keep on in the good work and the end is assured. Send for the book on the "Ills of Life" and for a bottle of Peruna, to Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus Ohio.

MARKETS.

Coshocton Prices Current.

Corrected weekly by D. H. Mortley, Grocer, R. R. Corner.

Apples, green, per bushel	100
Apples, dried, per pound	5 to 6
Butter, per pound	20
Bacon, sides, per pound	10
Beans, per bushel	2 40 to 2 50
Beeswax per pound	18
Chickens, per pair, spring	50
Corn Meal, per sack	25 to 50
Dried peaches, pared, per lb	10
Eggs per dozen	25
Flour per sack	1 55
Flour by Patent Process	1 85
Hams per pound Country	12
Honey per pound	18
Lard per pound	10
Onions, per bushel	40
Onion Sets, per bush	2 50
Potatoes per bushel new	40
Peaches, dried, per pound	6 to 7
Shoulders per pound	8 to 8½
Salt per barrel	1 40
Tallow per pound	5 to 7

Subject to changes during the week.

Coshocton Grain Market.

WHEAT—Per bushel, white, old	$1 00
WHEAT—Per Bushel, red, old	1 00
WHEAT—Per Bushel, new	1 00
CORN—	50
OATS—	35
RYE—	65
FLOUR—Per Barrel, XXX	$6 40
Per Sack, XX	1 55
MEAL—Per Bushel	90
BRAN—Per hundred	100
SHORTS—	1 00
CORN and OATS CHOP—	1 50
PATENT FLOUR—per sack	1 75

Pittsburg Market.

Corrected especially for the Coshocton AGE by R. Beatty, Son & Co., 163 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Wholesale Produce Commission House, established 1850, receive and sell all kinds Country Produce, Domestic and Foreign Fruits and Vegetables. Shippers and country dealers having seasonable produce, etc, for sale, are invited to consign or correspond.

Country Produce.

APPLES—New, Choice, per bll, 3 00a3 25 good, 2 75a3 00; medium, 2 00a1 75.

APPLE BUTTER—per gal, 50a55c; Apple Jelly, 8a7c per lb.

BUTTER—Dairy, 21a28c; "Gilt Edge," 25a 25c; Creamery, 30a39c; Choice Roll, 22a20c; Extra Choice Roll, 28a21c; Medium, 12a10c.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples, sliced, 10a11c; do quarters, 6 1-2a7c, Peaches, halves, 8a7c; re do, 15a18c; pitted Cherries, 20a22c; Rasberries, 28a30c; Blackberries, 9a10c; per lb for all.

FEATHERS—Live Geese, per lb, 70a65c Mixed, 55a50c.

EGGS—Strictly Fresh, 29a30; pickled 24a25.

HONEY.—York State 21 to 20; White Clover 20 to 22; Buckwheat 18a19.

ONIONS—Onions 100 a125 per bbl.

POULTRY—Live chickens 40 a50 c per pair for large; small chickens per pair 35a40, live turkeys per lb, 9a10c dressed chickens per lb, 11a13c; dressed turkeys 14a15c dressed duck 12a 15c.

POTATOES—Early rose, per bush. 60a65 cts: Burbank 50 a 45c; other varieties 45c.

RAGS—Cotton, White, per lb, 2½c; Cotton, Mixed, 2a2½c; Woolen, 1-4a½c.

SEEDS—Timothy per bushel, 1 50a1 60 Clover, 550a5 75, for small; 5 75a6 00 for large

TALLOW—Country 7a7½c; Beeswax 25a35c per lb.

Grain, Flour, Feed, Etc.

WHEAT—Prime Red Winter, 1 05a1 06; Medium, 1 08a110.

CORN—High mixed Shelled, 65a66; Yellow Shelled, 55a54; Ear Corn, 60a64.

OATS—40a41c for white, 35a37c for mixed

RYE—Choice, 60a62.

BARLEY—80a90 for Prime North-western Spring; 75a90 for Medium.

FLOUR—Fancy Patents, spring and winter, 7 50a7 25; Fancy St. Louis, winter, 7 50a7 25 Fancy Family White Amber and Winter, 6 00 a6 25; Choice Family, choice red winter, 6 00a 6 75; XX Family, medium winter, 5 60a5 75 XXX Bakers, Minnesota, 6 25a6 00; XX Bakers Wisconsin, 6 00a6 25; Cornmeal, 75a80c in paper. Oatmeal—medium brand—7 25a8 00 per bbl; Fancy, 7 75a8 00. Rye Flour, 4 50a4 25; buckwheat flour 3a8.

MILL FEED—White Middlings, 20 00a 2200; Coarse, do, 15 00a 18 00; Seconds, 1800a18 50;

HAY—Prime Timothy, baled, at 11 00a12 00 per ton Prime New Loose, 11 00a14 00 Prarie 8 00a8 50

Live Stock Market

East Liberty Dec. 20.

CATTLE—Extra shipping, $0 00a 650; common butchering stuff $5 25a5 75; feeders, 4 00a4 75; cows and bulls' $8 00a4 50

HOGS—Yorkers, $5 40a560; tops, $6 00 a6 20; pigs, $4 75a5 25.

SHEEP—Christmas, $6 00a6 50; 110 to 120 pounds, $4 75a5 00; 95 to 105 pounds, $4 25a4 50 fair, 80 to 90 pounds, $3 75a4 10; common to fair, 80 to 85 pounds, $3 25a3 75; low down common, 2 00a3 3 00, and not wanted: lambs, 4 00a5 50.

Chicago Grain Market.

WHEAT—90.
CORN—60½.
OATS—31¾.

New York Grain Market.

WHEAT—No 2red $1.12¾.
CORN—No 2 66¾.
OATS—44.

T C BREWER, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.

Office in room occupied for a number of years in Roscoe, by Dr. M. Johnson.
Calls promptly answered.
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Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned have been appointed and qualified as Administrators of the Estate of Susan H. Waddel, late of Coshocton county, deceased.

Dated this 10th day of December, A. D. 1883.

CHARLES WADDELL,
JOHN WALKER.

dec15-3w.

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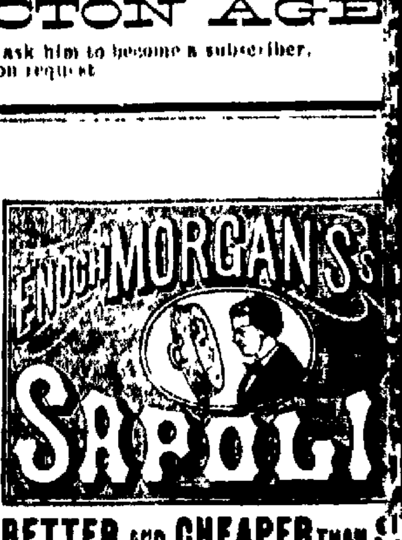

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